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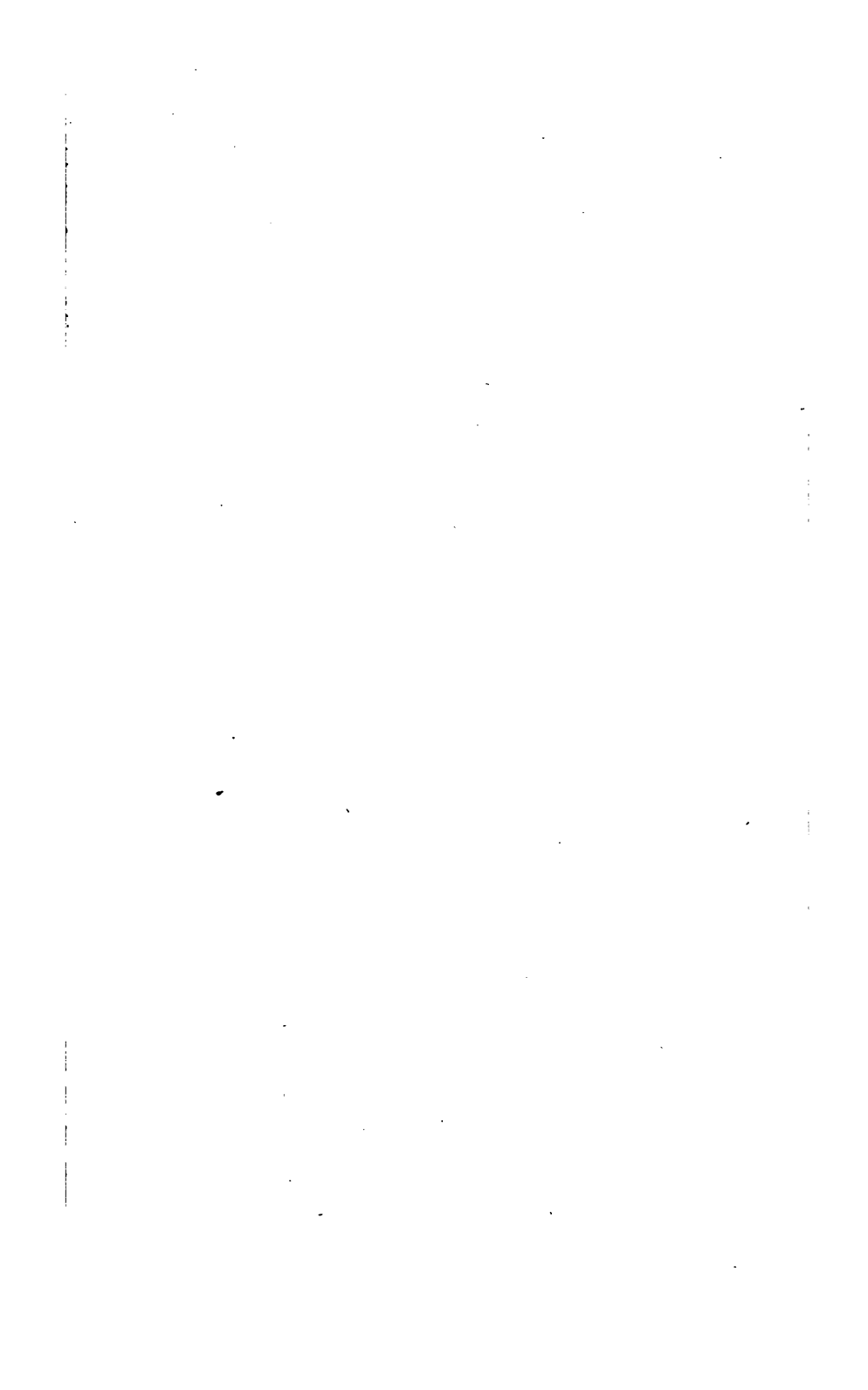


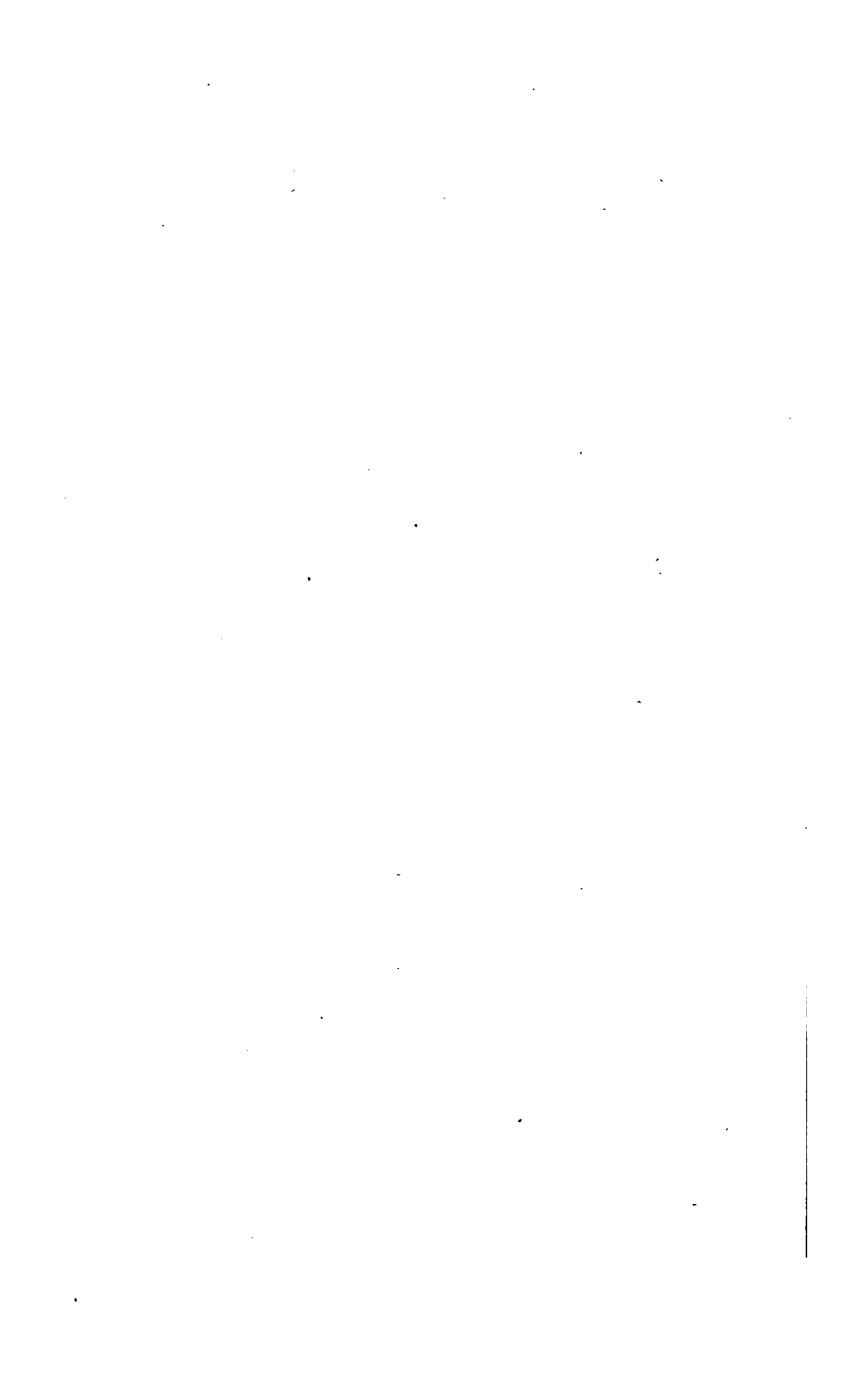
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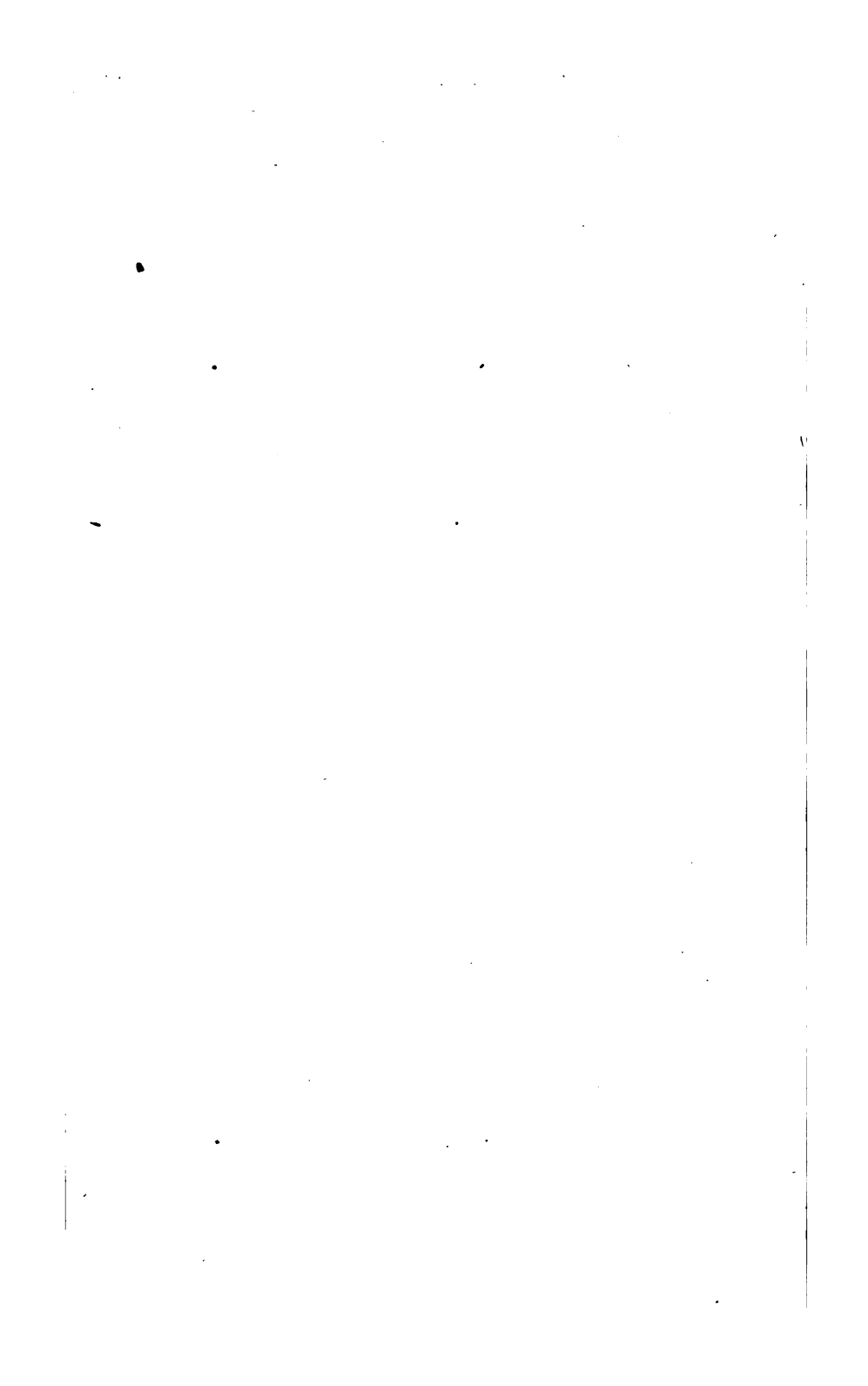
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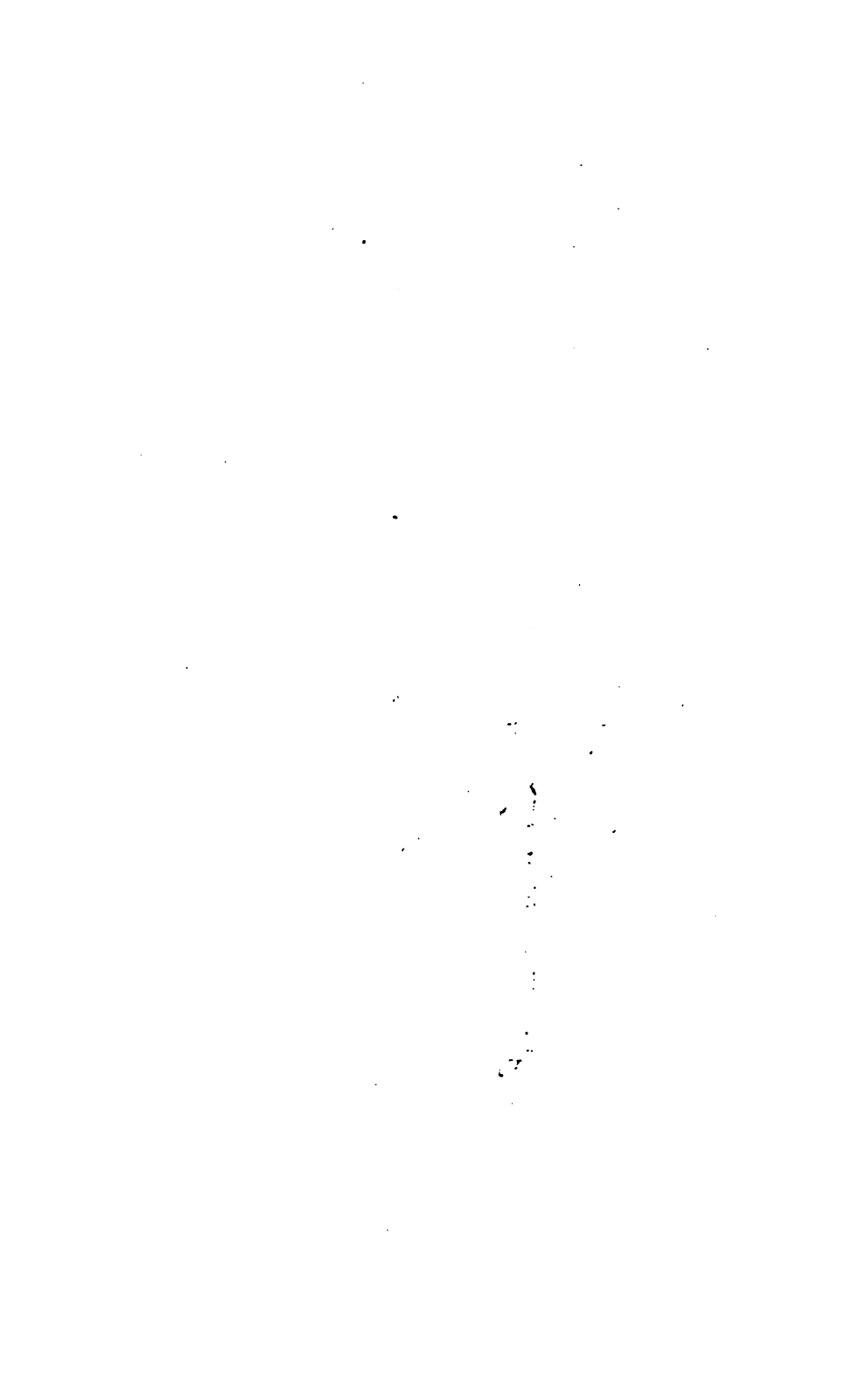








PATHS OF POESY.





PATHS OF POESY.

In six Cantos.

M. S. P.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1837.

496.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY IBOTSON AND PALMER,
SAVOY STREET.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

THE Propitiatory Offering may be considered as a sample of the style and versification of the poem, faintly representing the impressions floating on the mind, previous to their being struck off and stamped with a definite shape and character, with here and there a glimmering of light to lure the wayfarer, discovering as much of the path to be pursued, as was probably, at the time, obvious to the Author.

The prefatory lines attached to the first, third, fourth, and sixth cantos, render unnecessary any lengthened analysis of their contents. The autumn path is sufficiently delineated, and the accordant sympathies and recollections, are such,

it is presumed, as might dispose to the dream and vision that follows. This shadowy path, the labyrinth of the imagination, is purposely left in its characteristic confusion and uncertainty as to its aim and termination.

In the personification of Poesy, it has been attempted to encompass the figure with a brilliancy sufficient for the dispersion of the gloom out of which it arose. And the incident has been made available as a link of connexion, to establish a consecutive character to the rambles of the Muse. While describing the perishing of the flower, it would appear, that a view was, from time to time, discernible of the more striking catastrophe, of the fall and tomb of Ambition. The magnitude of the subject, bridling, as it were, the imagination of the author, till assured by preparatory exercise, and short excursions on the field of fancy, that he might venture to enter the lists.

Under the auspices of the vision of Poesy, the reins were loosened, and a wider range entered upon; the course having been previously gone over, may be argued in extenuation and in mitigation of sentence for temerity.

The tempest being the first picture of a series, required rather the exercise of the memory, than the invention ; and a sojourn for some days on the Island, having awakened the powers of contemplation, the seeds then sown might be conceived, in after time to have ripened by the warmth of the imagination, and to have received the shades and colouring, diversified by the agencies necessary for the completion of the representation, in which the characters of truth and fiction alternately predominate.

The difficulties in the last canto necessary to grapple with, were more appalling : the interest in the subject so general, it was hoped, would shield the deficiencies in the writer's pencil : a confession complimentary to criticism, bespeaking its courtesy, and deprecating severity ; an attribute the powerful seldom exercise.

M. J. P.

LONDON :

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

PATHS OF POESY.

THE PROPITIATORY OFFERING.

No Poet may refuse the tribute due,
Or else the golden harp, and silver lyre,
For ever might remain unstrung, to shew
Apollo's vengeful wrath, the muses' sire.

The bleating flock, without the fold would stray,
The shepherd pine within his lonely bow'r,
Dull as the buzzing hum of wandering bee,
When vainly sought, the honey-scented flow'r.

The mountain nymphs, as snowy fleeces fair,
Would then deny to taste the lucid spring;
That once to sip, would teach the bard to soar,
And rise upborne, on fancy's airy wing.

Though heroes boast, on war's triumphal car,
To reach of fame the temple seen on high;
The poet owns supreme, the muse's pow'r,
To win the prize of immortality.

The pageant host, the battle's noisy din,
Were well exchange'd for some sequester'd vale,
The peaceful breast, the breathings light within,
The muse to trace and point the varied tale.

Simplicity ! the graces' handmaid rare,
Thou child belov'd ! of free and artless mien ;
Of heavenly birth ! the star that all admire ;
My verse illume, with ray of light divine.

Invite the muse to string the tuneful lyre,
Perchance to me unseen, with watchful ear ;
The fav'ring winds may waft the sacred fire,
Or sylvan stream, adown its bosom`bear.

I'd breathless wait, to catch the silver tone,
Contented then, for ever to remain,
Far from the busy haunts, my lute alone
Should make the desert waste a smiling plain.

If so inspir'd, the chosen theme to mould,
With guileless speech, that marks the tuneful band,
That look elate, and high their torches hold,
To shame the slothful shades, and dulness brand.

With grateful heart, the bard would haste to raise,
An altar high, nor cost, nor travail spare ;
And tune the harp to sweetest notes of praise,
That well should prove the shepherd's endless care.

'Twere needless then to search in learned lore,
To waste the midnight lamp, till pale and wan ;
For what avails to ply the beaten shore,
When open lies the vast and boundless main ?

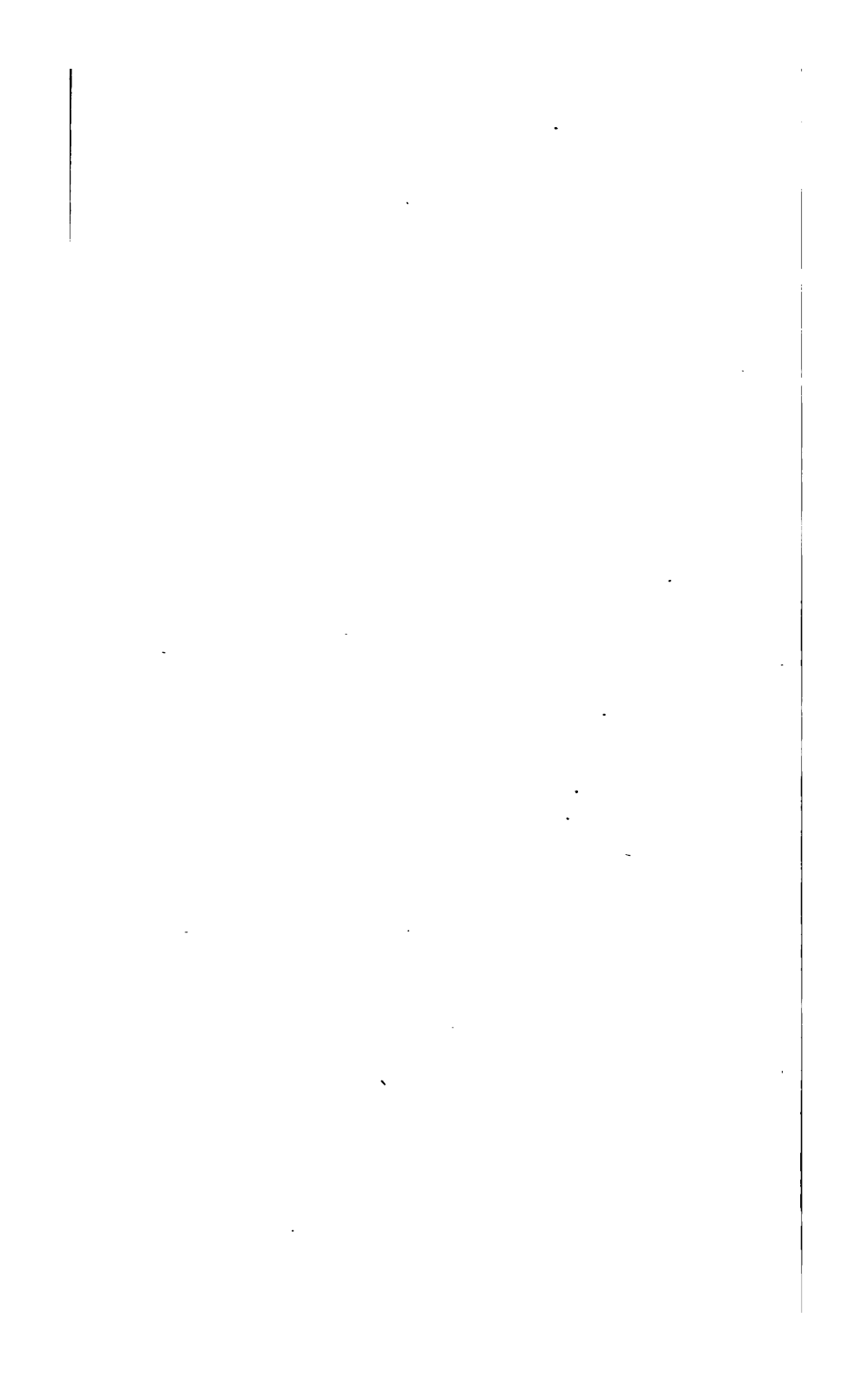
My boat should climb and ride the curling wave,
With safety steer, and thro' the breakers lead
A pilot serve, some deeper freight to save,
From treach'rous shoals, a peaceful breast the
meed.

For poesy o'er all extends her sway,
The boundless universe is her domain,
Far as the vivid streams of light can stray,
She claims o'er space indefinite to reign.

The paths of poesy upwending rise,
Before imagination's ardent ken ;
Whose vision in the hazy distance spies,
What ne'er was pictured by the voice or pen.

Canto the First.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.



PREFATORY LINES.

SAY little book, whose page is worn
With many a tear, if press'd to own
Whether of truth or fiction born—
'Twas Nature lur'd thy sire to weep,
And with her tears his own to steep.
What time the summer's broidered vest,
Her tresses all unbraided reft ;
The ruffian winds had scatter'd wide,
To drift or float upon the tide,
And taught to find in grief a charm,
The passion'd heart to soothe and calm ;
When tangled in the maze of thought,
A troubled dream, deliv'rance wrought.
Of fearful spectres, hideous fiends.
Creation's refuse, odds and ends,

Half-fashion'd imps, nor dam nor sire ;
For ever prone to scoff and jeer,
At ev'ry gift they do not share,
With malice ev'ry breast they fill,
And work confusion at their will.
Then, what a change, from gloom of night,
From chaos to ethereal light :
Whence Poesy descending came,
As stars from heav'n to fall are seen.
None in her presence fail to find,
A genial influence on the mind ;
Fairest of all beneath the sun,
With truth and fiction to adorn,
And brighten all she looks upon.
No earthy stain had soil'd the tear,
That glisten'd as the dew-drop clear,
And sometimes on her bosom fell,
Drawn from the depths of sorrow's well,
A secret source, a treasur'd mine,
As glowworms on the surface shine,
'Tis said to tell of hidden wealth
That buried lies the earth beneath.
And in her swelling breast 'tis sure,
A heart is shrin'd as diamond pure ;

Exhaustless spring of lasting joys,
To ev'ry ill a counterpoise ;
To balance all affliction's train,
And cherish'd as the miser's gain,
Or vain Ambition's idol, fame,
A boon that heav'n in mercy sent,
When sorrow's tide within was pent ;
Check'd by the stagnant scum inert,
That grief had gather'd round the heart.
O'erstrained, its chords had lost their tone,
From toiling 'neath the burning zone,
That raised the vital current's heat
And caused the pulse's hurried beat ;
The frame, a shatter'd wreck to seem,
Nor anchor left, whereon to lean ;
Till Poesy's effulgent ray,
Prolific as meridian day ;
Dispers'd the gloom that hung around,
And burst the spell that fancy bound.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

PROEM.

I SING of Autumn's shadowy reign,
When faint the ebbing ray of light ;
And of the dark and troubled dream,
And visions as the meteor bright ;
That back the bolts of darkness threw,
As shadows from the mid-day sun
Recoil : when open to the view
A Muse ! or angel's spirit shone !
Henceforth to guide me on the way,
Far o'er the trackless ocean's wave ;
And by the light of Poesy.
To bring me to ambition's grave,

And haply teach the muse to pour,
From the full fountain of the heart,
O'erflowing streams of strength and pow'r,
Their source to challenge and assert,
If lost like Arethusa's stream.
The light and level to regain.

When vapours shroud the smiling face of heav'n,
And scatter'd falls around, the leafy show'r ;
The suff'ring spirits to complain are driven,
Urg'd by the force of Nature's secret pow'r ;
Whose eloquence profound, the thoughts control,
That give to musing meditation weight ;
To sound the deep recesses of the soul,
When minist'ring to sorrow's hallowed rite ;

When as I sat beneath an aged oak,
Its perish'd trunk, and branches scath'd and
bare :
Unshelter'd, gazing on the bubbling brook,
A stranger minstrel thus attun'd her lyre.

It seem'd the burst of unavailing woe,
That tyrant death provokes incessantly,
Less obdurate, I ween, than mortal foe,
When 'man, his fellow man ! has mark'd for
prey.

Some muse responding to the autumn scene,
In solitude had sought a station meet,
Far from the city's high and varied screen,
Of gorgeous palaces, that shade the street.
Her harp was strung to bear the winter's wind,
Its chords were tun'd to notes of grief pro-
found ;
As she had fail'd in her lorn heart to find
For lighter song, a fit and genial sound.

" O ye ! The fallen from a palmy state,
Or yet upheld in triumph's proud career,
Approach and find, whereon to meditate,
Food for the young, or sage experienc'd sire.
List to the musings, on the yellow leaf,
Sear'd by the blight of autumn's with'ring pow'r,
List to the musings, on the batter'd sheaf ;
'Reft by the flail of all its cherish'd store.

Of fortune's ways, ambition there may read,
That once triumphant, high and proudly wav'd ;
When to the fav'ring gale it op'ning spread,
In boastful strength, or smiling sportive play'd,
Ere riper years had crush'd the forward growth,
Or winter's edge had prostrate laid his joys,
The worthless spawn of rank luxurious sloth,
Delusions vain, as fancy's brittle toys.

“ Perchance the lowly peasant's practis'd arm,
May scatter wide the grain to shoot anew ;
Perchance, by meditation deep and calm,
The troubled thoughts may change, and cease to
rue :
Haply the bruised seed, secure may light,
On the broad bosom of its kindred earth ;
The germ escape the cold and chilling blight,
And the fair scion bloom in genial warmth ;”—

How vain the hope, thou young and beauteous
flow'r,
Of rosy tint, and spirit-beaming eye ;
Of azure hue, and bright, with infant pow'r
To please, and apt with mimic force to vie ;

A balm of price, to wounded spirits dear,
As lovely charity, when wrongs assail ;
As life—when death has rais'd the balanc'd spear ;
As liberty—to captives worn and pale.

And many a hill, and rocky dell between,
Resounding, echo'd to the minstrel's strain ;
And mossy springs expos'd, to weep were seen,
Whose oozy paths full long had secret lain.
“ Where bide ye now, the light and tuneful throng,
Whose chant enliven'd many a leafy spray ;
And chief the lov'd, the full melodious song,
That told its grief at eve, in plaintive lay ?

“ Where bide ye ? say. When blows the churlish
blast,
That thrills the op'ning wood, and wat'ry mead :
Whose murm'rings teach to weep the summer
past,
As down the vale, the floods complaining lead ?
With thee the voice of mirthful love has flown,
That caroll'd oft, when rip'ning bloom'd the lea ;
And ev'ry smiling flow'r is dead and gone,
Whose honied sweets entic'd the roving bee.

“ The wily chase has heard the hunter’s cry,
And startled, listens to the boding horn ;
The coveys wild, have wing’d their airy way,
And far the sylvan scene resounds alarm.
The peaceful tenants of the bow’ry glades,
Spring from their haunts, and fly the threaten’d
war,
That now the covert and the field invades,
Nor hill nor valley stays the wild career.”

Where man abides, the spoiler, Care, hard by,
Invests the dwellings of the rich and poor ;
Assails the muse, despite her minstrelsy,
Nor spares the lab’rer, when his toil is o’er ;
Farewell she bade the lake’s transparent glow,
Where wood and wave commingling peaceful rest;
“ Farewell, ye scenes, so bright and fair to view,
That oft have sooth’d, and calm’d this troubled
breast.”

And then she wept, her lone and roofless bow’r,
Where late the blushing roses vainly strove,
To shield from harm, and veil the virgin flow’r,
As first she bent her willing ear to love.

Hadst thou rebuk'd and shunn'd the wayward boy,
With feigned indiff'rence to his suit replied ;
And in thy bosom, secret, lock'd its joy,
He now had sought, and woo'd thee for his bride.

Nor then had flown, alas ! the playful bloom,
That flushed with joy, or wan'd with sick'ning
fear ;
Pale as the silver crescent horn become,
Ill-boding sign that death was hov'ring near ;

When love, insidious, saps the vital spring,
And drains the heart, whose ev'ry hope and stay,
Is wove with downy plumes, of softest wing,
'Tis death to tear the barbed shaft away ;
For hope awhile, on airy pinion borne,
With flight unmeasur'd as the eagle's glance,
On the fair bosom to recoil is prone,
Abruptly waken'd from the extatic trance.

We listen to the tale that does not tire,
Of grief that has a maiden's bosom wrung ;
While round us falls the autumn's leafy show'r,
That giveth weight to sorrow's plaintive song.

Then all was silent, and th' horizon wide,
 (Save where the crimson vaulted canopy,
Betok'ning true, the hour of eventide,)
 O'erhung with mantle dark, departed day ;

What can the happy boast to match the hour,
 When misery, fatigu'd, forgets to weep ;
And memory, whose weight oppress'd her sore,
 A willing captive, yields herself to sleep ?

Ah ! could it be so easy to becalm
 And still the beatings of the aching heart ;
Who would regard blind fortune's pow'r to harm,
 And strive for aye, her vengeance to avert ?

Short is the space of sorrow's broken rest,
 That watchful tends her ever craving brood ;
That drain as pelicans the fost'ring breast,
 Insatiate, raven on the parents' blood.

Of calumny she rav'd, as poison sharp,
 Conceal'd within the serpent's hollow tooth ;
That secret aims, secure, the mind to warp,
 Disguis'd in garb of honest, comely truth.

“ To strike as deep her shaft is known,
As when the glitt’ring point of steel,
Th’ unguarded breast all open thrown,
Has stamp’d to hatred’s oath the seal.

“ Such wounds, the maiden’s heart appals,
More than the light’ning’s vivid flame ;
The sword of heav’n benignly falls
To purify, but not to stain.

“ With arm uprais’d, in mercy strike,
Compassion from the bravo learn ;
Or love or hate to him alike,
He dares to kill ! To wound would scorn !

“ But would ye feast on writhing pains,
The serpent watch with slimy fangs :
His prey with piteous cry complains,
Ere death his ling’ring torment ends.”

The blight of calumny its hold had ta’en,
The mingled pōtion from the chalice drain’d ;
Upmounting revels in the boiling vein,
And the cool seat of reason has inflam’d !

“ Father of mercy, Nature’s Sire !

 The heart thou gavest, O preserve !

Mine errors pardon, and forbear.

 To stretch each weak and thrilling nerve.

“ Thy temple shield, nor suffer man

 The pedestal to harm or stain ;

The light within’s above his ken,

 The soul is far beyond his aim !”

Nor hand nor voice their further aid afford ;

 And the mute harp, upon her breast reclin’d,

Whose throbings press’d, and slightly moved the
 chord,

 When both were rifled by the vagrant wind,

Of sighs, more plaintive than the zephyrs breathe ;

 When Flora smiles, and summer-time is near,

Soft as the dew the blushing rose beneath,

 That weeping yields at eve its maiden tear.

The fallen leaf bedews the flow’ret’s bed,

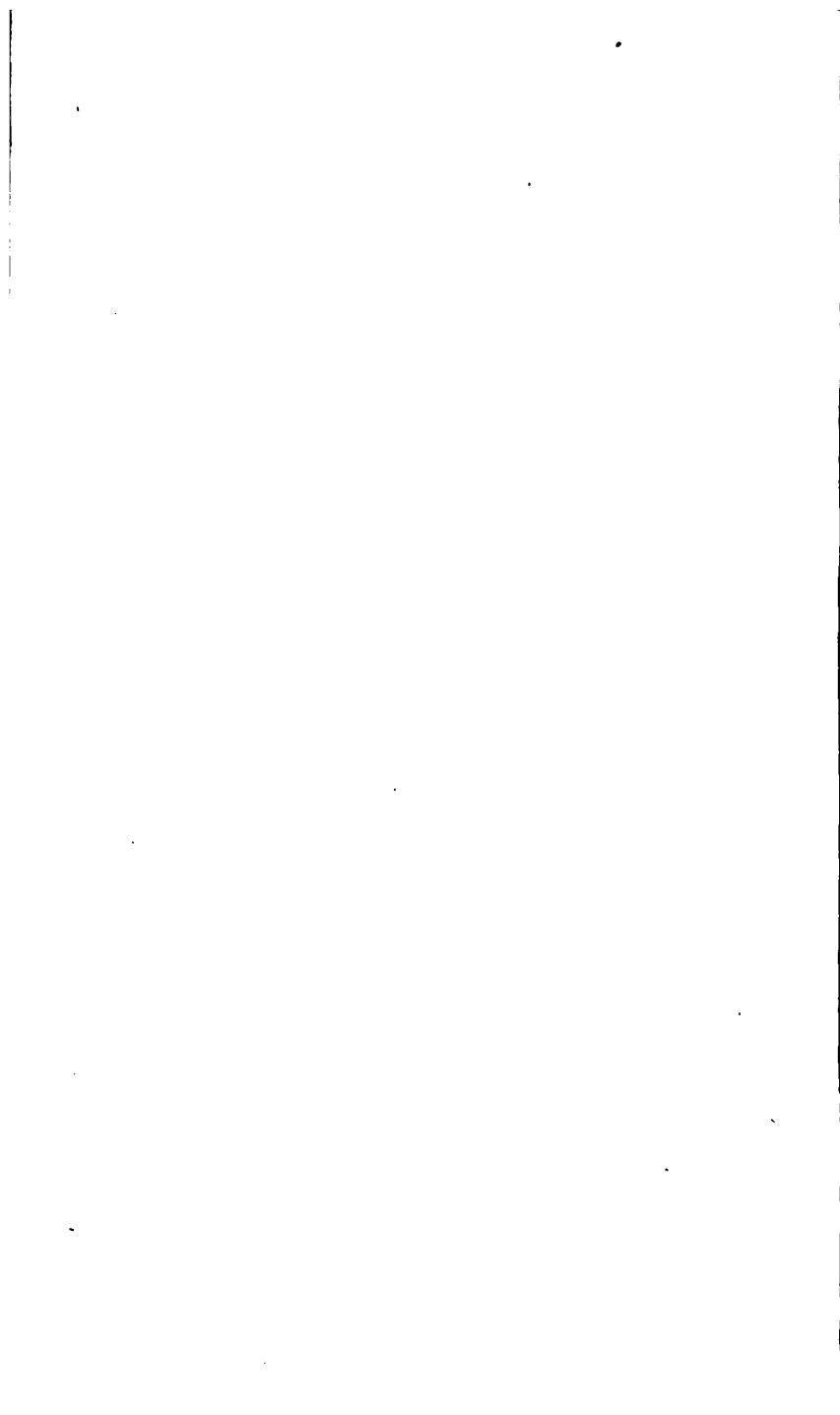
 Of other tears but few have graced her shrine ;

For Fate, in haste to weave the brittle thread,

 Rent sore the ties, that prosp’rous fortunes
 twine.

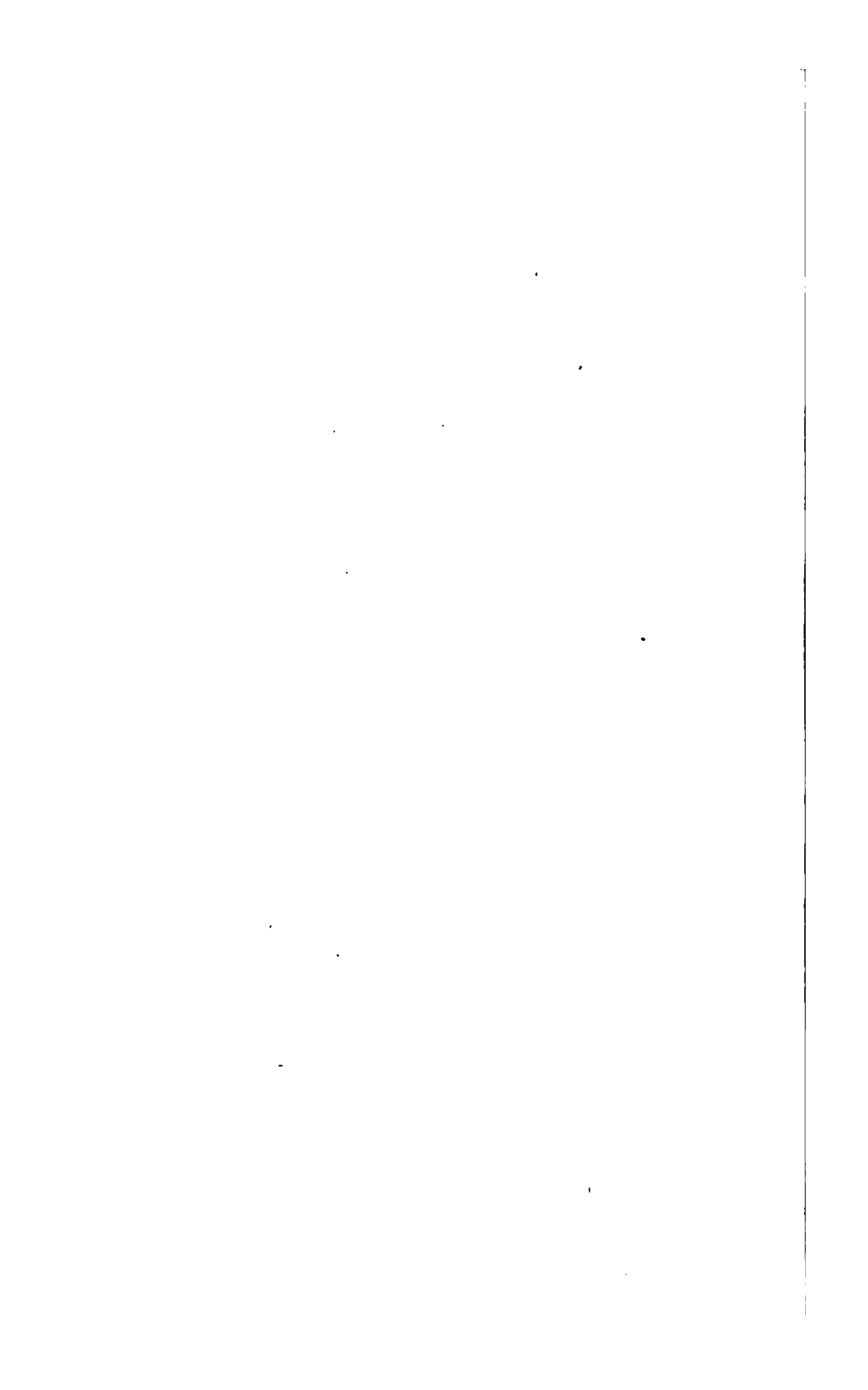
'Twas ever so, when reckless foes pursue,
The coward herd the hapless victims shun;
Of good Samaritans there are but few,
Whose nobler souls a higher impulse own.
Beside the first the Ethiop's hue is pale,
Deformity, proportions just and fair.
The lep'rous frame, a body sound and hale,
Would they were known, as truth and virtue
rare !

Whence shall the colours and the pencil come,
These to portray in all their mingling charms,
But from the rainbow, painted by the sun,
Whose form and fashion heav'n and earth
adorns ?
See ! through the storm its matchless glories shine :
Unrival'd arch ! immeasurable span !
Faith to uphold, in Heaven a sacred sign,
Of covenanted grace, bestowed on man.



Canto the Second.

THE DREAM AND VISION.



THE DREAM AND VISION.

As when the mind on poesy intent,
Sole object present to its wistful view ;
So, through the range of thought, its wide extent
All now assumes the autumn's gloomy hue.

THOUGH soon the winds that sweep the Arctic zone,
Enrag'd and fierce, the hoary sleet shall chase, •
To shield the plains with fleecy mantle warm,
That naked fear the winter's rude embrace.

Again shall wave the great Magician's wand,
And, life releas'd, her captive brood bring forth ;
The frozen gripe, the hard and iron hand,
Shall loose its hold, and free the teeming earth.

Again the ploughman steel his frame the while,
He light inhales, the health-inspiring steam ;
As slow he turns the deep and loamy soil,
And cheers, with simple note, the loit'ring team.

His patient care, the grateful land repays,
And spreads abroad her rich and varied store,
To bleach and ripen in the solar rays,
Of greater price than fam'd Potosi's ore.

Such care was thine, yon hamlet's boasted sire,
Beneath whose bare and deeply-furrow'd brow ;
There glimmers still a spark of native fire,
The embers faint whence shone a brighter glow.

His falt'ring step, bespeaks the weight of toil,
● That he with time a lengthen'd course had run ;
Bow'd to the earth, old tenant of the soil :
Thy lease expires, and nature claims her own.

A slender staff sustains with balanc'd aid
His wasted frame, and snowy-mantled head,
To rest awhile, ere low and coldly laid,
His couch the grave, the sward his coverlet.

Haply thy destined goal approaches nigh ;
Too vast the sacred theme, thy further doom,
Unmeet it were, for idle poesy,
The hallowed veil to lift, and bare the tomb !

The gallant ships that plough th' expansive main,
In pride and might, breast high the briny spray ;
For them the wrathful tempest howls in vain,
They slight the signs, and dare the troubled sea.

Thy slender bark becomes its humble freight,
As down the stream it glides, the haven near ;
Afar is seen Ambition's dizzy height,
And heard remote, the torrent's angry roar.

The riches on the smiling surface found,
Surpass the treasures of the gloomy mine ;
Torn from the gulfs and vasty depths profound,
Deep caverned in the mountain's secret vein.

For these the wretched Indian buried toils,
From light of heav'n debarr'd, to darkness doom'd :
Awake, humanity ! The heart recoils,
And sickens at the thought of life entomb'd.

The baneful source of many a hateful vice
Of keenest edge—mortality to shame !
Demonian haunts—the nest of avarice,
That hither comes to slake her thirst of gain.

The crime profane, the reas'ning pow'r defies ;
With heart and soul is heap'd the rising pile :
The fummy brain incessant craves and plies,
Till waste become as Helen's barren isle !

Ah ! what a shade is said to hover there !
The kindling name of Helen still is wont
To fan the flame of proud heroic war—
Or soothe with softer dreams his iron front.

Worn with the day, and toil of many a year,
The weary hind had reach'd his shelter'd home ;
The nurstling brood, to lowly cotters dear,
Had gather'd round, of all his wealth the sum.

O ye who look for rest, or late or soon,
Here lies the key, that opes th' ethereal door ;
Here note the need, and freely tend the boon :
Return is safe for loans to aid the poor.

Then wait the morning change and breathings low,
As day retires, and yields his busy reign ;
With hope, when night her darker veil shall throw,
The morn may break, and light eternal shine.

Thus musing late, a melancholy mood,
Lull'd by the autumn winds, that hollow blew,
A cloudy shadow swept the ruffled flood,
And o'er the mind, its gloomy curtain threw.—

In contemplation's mazy circle lost,
Of life, its thorny path, and doubtful span ;
And weary grown, for want of balmy rest,
To break the chain of thought too finely spun.

A troubled dream athwart the senses fell,
As lab'ring work'd, confused the drowsy brain ;
To search the depths of mem'ry's secret cell,
And shape the brood, of fancy's shadowy train.

For dreams, the prophet's part will oft perform,
Though wakeful thoughts can ne'er the veil re-
move,
That o'er the path of destiny is thrown ;
But time unfolds, and aids the knot to solve.

But vain th' attempt to pierce the thick'ning gloom,
The 'wilder'd senses, weaker grew and dim ;
As there the Fates, in consort work'd the loom,
The brittle threads of mortal life to spin.

Strange phantoms rose, of ev'ry shape and form,
Grim visag'd imps, of Hate the progeny :
A monstrous brood, of sickly Fancy born,
That vanish with the light, and fade away.

Then drifting shadows, without sun were seen,
And winds oppos'd on ev'ry side to meet ;
As wild confusion there upheld her reign,
In undisputed melancholy state.

Or fell destruction o'er the group had flown,
That scarce remain'd with all their modes to
guess ;
Or, Nature startled, left her work undone,
Of texture frail, akin to nothingness.

Such chaos was, ere time and order rul'd,
Ere light and darkness bore alternate sway,
Ere yet the mingling elements were school'd
At instant call, th' Almighty's voice t' obey.

What more, the muse must briefly tell,
When visions crowd the teeming brain,
That fantasies distort and swell,
Reason with care must hold the rein.

To reap the meed his labour won,
Methought a stranger passed me by ;
With joy his ev'ry feature shone,
And told he went his homeward way.

Others with eager step advanc'd,
To seize what offered, right or wrong ;
At these the Furies fiercely glanc'd,
And shook the knotted scorpion thong.

From slumber rous'd, a heedless train,
Without a light their way to guide,
Besought for aid, but sought in vain,
For night had cast her mantle wide.

Sudden a blast of vapour form'd
Involv'd the scene in deeper gloom ;
The vivid flame of danger warn'd,
Lest Fate should seal the gen'ral doom.

The stranger rais'd his thoughts to heaven,
And breath'd a short but fervent prayer ;
As wretches that in haste are shriven,
Condemned the tort'ring proof to bear.

His hapless lot 'twas vain to mourn,
The torrents drown'd his feeble cry ;
And spreading far, the ruthless storm
Laid bare the branch, and scath'd the tree.

Despair was heard to shriek around,
A ghastly form, in darkness nurs'd !
Hurl'd from above, with pinions bound,
Condemn'd for aye—a spirit curs'd.

Words do not serve to tell the tale,
How feels the heart, that quiv'ring lies,
When pain'd we strive, and faint inhale,
While death implored, release denies.

Such visions fade before the steadfast eye,
Light of the soul, that awes th' infernal pow'rs,
And wraps the martyr'd wretch in ecstasy,
Ere forth th' indignant spirit upward soars.

That sees afar, apart from idle gaze,
Elysium's verdant fields, a fair domain,
As through the vista dark, in summer's haze,
The fancy spies, and paints the flow'ry plain.

Thus Hope, aspiring plumes her buoyant wing,
And with the fabled bird attempts to vie ;
Of mystic birth, as ancient poets sing,
An emblem faint of immortality.

The latent spark sent forth a feeble glow,
A transient ray, a fleeting gleam of light ;
So soon it sunk ; it served alone to show
The gath'ring clouds, that make the day as night.

The dream is past ! the hateful sprites are flown,
If dream it were—a phantom of the mind ;
The waters o'er the doubtful way have gone,
Nor trace have left, the shad'wy path to find.

Though we should strive, such visions to renew,
Each faint impression to the mind recall ;
Each form anatomise, each thought pursue,
No sign remains, or other mystic scroll.

Yet will the judgment's scrutiny severe,
In practice exercis'd, the dew to find,
With apt discrimination's vision clear,
And all the tutor'd faculties combin'd.

E'en in the fleeting transitory scene,
Some strong similitude to things by-gone,
Or to some rare traditionary theme,
Of old maintain'd, illicit and discern.

Spirit of life ! the breath of pow'r divine,
Aid me to steep in dark oblivion's stream ;
Remember'd wrongs, that what remains of time
To me may glide, as they had never been.

Then Poesy ! creative fancy's child,
Whose airy flight the gates of heav'n restrain ;
Shot through the gloom, as seen the stream to gild,
The raven-colour'd arch, when lightnings flame.

So when the temple's veil, was rent and torn,
Darkness obscur'd, or light illum'd the earth ;
Prophetic sign ! that erst to man was shown,
Of gifts ineffable, or direful wrath.

Of form benign, as glow of parting eve,
As Hope awoke by sounds of harmony :
That angel choirs above are said to give,
When upward wafts the lowly suppliant's sigh.

Welcome as dew, that bathes the desert plains,
As light, that guides benighted travellers home ;
As music's soft delight and swelling strains,
Foretaste of paradise, and joys to come.

As seraphs, borne on soft, ethereal wind,
To take the soul, releas'd in mortal throe ;
That prompt and aid the splitting bark to bind,
That whisper peace, and lighten human woe.

So when the storm abates its deadly rage,
We joy to hail the cheering ray of light ;
Or lov'd one's voice, that grief and pains assuage.
As day dispels the sable gloom of night.

Bright as the rays, of eastern realms the pride,
The heralds of the rosy morn that come,
To all that live on earth or waters wide,
With tidings glad, of light from heav'n ; and soon

Her features shone, impassion'd, chaste, and warm,
With veil aside, and upward glancing eye;
The heart it spoke, the source of ev'ry charm,
When thus she view'd, and hail'd, the op'ning day.

“ Resplendent lamp ! all earthly reach above,
To thee the shades of night are open laid ;
Thy joyous blush awakens ev'ry grove,
And pendant copse, and winding vale beside.

“ From chaos trac'd, when Time, on pinion borne,
First tried his circling course, and flam'd the sky,
And gave the seasons change to fall in turn,
To each its own appropriate space and sway.

“ Refulgent orb ! all shrink beneath the glare
Of glory bright, when thy transcendent pow'r,
Matures the blade, and forms the fruitful ear,
Unfolds the bud, and beautifies the flow'r.

“ The wondrous guide, ador'd in ev'ry clime,
A dial on the wide, expansive sea,
A chart unerring of the course of time,
That all the planetary spheres obey.”

Then first the vision sign'd the wond'ring bard,
To strike with measur'd force, the sounding lyre ;
To strain with care, the light and silv'ry chord,
And flame with magic touch, the dormant fire.

In Poesy she taught to seek repose,
To dwell on Nature's love-inspiring charms ;
And in the thoughts of boundless pow'r to lose
Life's meaner cares, and all its trifling forms.

“ Health to the soul ! the halcyon calms of peace !
Whose shades invite, and nature spreads the
board ;
Fill high the cup, till cares and sorrows cease,
Nor fear to quaff, the bowl is deep and broad.

“ The mind unwearied loves the boundless range,
Delight awakes, and owns the sumptuous feast ;
The passions sooth'd, declare the welcome change,
And Hope in transport cries, The storm is past !

“ Ere dawning light, the face of heav'n inflames,
The wakeful muse is wont, at will, to roam
The circling globe, and bound with loosen'd reins,
As meteor lights, that shoot from zone to zone.

“ Should fortune lure, her minions to betray,
What muse would meditate a wreath to weave ;
A lion in the toils were noble prey !
For fallen majesty ! who would not grieve ?

“ The monarch of the woods, the plain, and field,
Close pinion'd lies beneath the torrid zone ;
A waste of waters at his feet, to shield
The vassal world, he uncontroll'd would roam.”

Then, as the vision wav'd the bard farewell,
With sighs of import, more than reach'd the ear,
Of higher spheres, where subtile spirits dwell,
That poets prompt, and heroes guide to war.

The spirits of the deep and wild, she said,
Of Andes' peak and ocean's crystal cave,
The spangled roofs, with glitt'ring gems inlaid,
And floors that pearls of stony brightness pave.

Should heed my call, to paint the sea-girt tow'r.
Where foil'd Ambition gives to passion vent ;
As angry surges lash and vex the shore,
When the fierce elements their rage have spent.

Thus aspirations in the bosom rise,
From vivid sparks of immaterial light,
Whose glowing hues invite to grasp and seize,
Yet shun the touch of ev'ry grosser weight.

Such themes avail to sooth the pensive mind,
Sequester'd from the busy, stirring world ;
Whose yoke the poet's fancy fails to bind,
As metals burst, or 'scape the earthy mould.

The tale should serve an idle hour to charm,
Of adverse fates, that oft are hov'ring nigh ;
Couch'd on the ruby lip, or bosom warm ;
For Fortune loves on precious things to prey.

To such a call, what muse was ever coy ?
Albeit loath, opposing creeds to moot ;
The balance sheet to strike would time employ,
With inspiration's hallow'd aid to boot.

There are who urge to after bards to leave,
With clearer light, such secret deeds to trace ;
To bleeding bosoms, love and hate will cleave,
And time alone such wounds can cicatrise.

His shadowy wing, extending far and wide,
Embraces ev'ry distant sea and land ;
Of high and low, alike the surest guide,
Sage counsellor—of virtue mild and bland !

Not so the spirit, late in mercy sent,
In her extremity to aid the muse ;
The heroes' guide, and poets that frequent
Castalia's spring, nor other fountain use ;

That bade the muse to string and strike the lyre,
To sing the warrior captives' tale of woe ;
Whose fate demands from ev'ry bard a tear,
And keep the Path of Poesy in view ;
Where, in the fierce and sanguinary strife,
Britannia triumphs ! prodigal of life !

Canto the Third.

AMBITION'S REST.

PREFATORY LINES.

Now Poesy's enchanting mien,
All to herself the thoughts would win,
Of pow'r to change with magic wand,
And shift the scene to fairy land ;
Or, on the moon's pale beam to glide,
O'er the smooth lake or waters wide ;
And commune with the spirits hold,
By nook or promontory bold ;
That slumb'ring rest in ocean's cave,
Roof'd by the high and billowy wave ;
Or, on the bare and naked steep,
The crest of Helon's moated keep ;
Oft seen in visions of the night,
When fancy takes her boldest flight ;
To beckon to the stranger guest,
To view the captive's place of rest ;

Whose hapless fate will serve to prove,
As comets in their orbits move;
Beyond the reach of man to spy,
The shoals that pave his varied way.

Mov'd by the secret pow'r inborn,
That prompts the heart for such to mourn;
No longer foe, when prostrate laid,
His debts, thou many, then were paid,
The muse upploughs the furrow'd main,
A track that long has fallow lain;
Where mountain ridges rise and swell,
A fruitful soil if cultur'd well;
And whence ambition's wreck is seen,
To glisten in the solar beam.
Thus taught, the muse with care unfolds,
The passion'd heart, and watchful holds
The guiding reins, while anger swells
The crimson flood, that heat propels:
Or grief, the softest bosom fills,
Whence slow, the burning tear distils
Adown the cheek, of greater pow'r,
To touch the heart, than sterner ire,
And rouse an armed host to war.

Whatever from that fountain flows,
At base detraction instant glows ;
As rivers that serenely glide,
Obstructed, foam, and wrathful chide ;
E'en so, the muse perchance might stray,
Beside the Path of Poesy ;
The rage of passion uncontroll'd,
Awhile might slacken reason's hold ;
Without the spirit's watchful care,
As stars that guide the mariner ;
That prompt to good, from ill restrain,
Or monarch, or the lowly swain ;
That know the bosom's inmost thought,
Their own, with adoration fraught,
For him, who fills the judgment seat,
Where all arrive or soon or late,
As charity to heav'n has flown.
To plead for all, at mercy's throne ;
Where truth, with radiant beam dispels,
The mists that man's perception veils ;
Submit the rule to courts below,
That poesy would ne'er bestow,
Nor muse her sacred light would lend,
Th' oppressor's wrong, to shield or 'fend.

My little book, thy page unfold,
Thy task is done, thy tale is told ;
And ask of courtesy the grace,
To speed thee on thy destin'd race ;
Ere age thy onward way impede,
Too weak his falt'ring voice to plead ;
And wrest from Pity's tearful eye,
The ready test of sympathy,
For him, whose tomb is o'er the sea.

AMBITION'S REST.

A BARD of old, that mem'ry fails to name,
That knew to woo, and haply win the Nine;
A phantom rais'd to gain the vote of fame,
An honour'd meed in ev'ry age and clime.

But moderns boast a palate so refin'd,
It palls and sickens on a stale repast;
And novelty, with grace and ease combin'd,
Must all unite to please the pamper'd taste.

A spirit of ethereal caste I woo,
That comes with balmy oil on wounds to pour :
Nor harrows like the spectre's with'ring hue,
But medicates the mind, an inward sore.

Their missions issue from celestial courts,
From whence alone a light can emanate :
By which to read the bosom's inmost thoughts,
And trace the deep recesses of the heart.

They come to tame the passions fierce and wild,
That toss the drifting vessel to and fro ;
With hope once more th' horizon dark to gild,
And bring the wish'd-for haven to the view.

Hail Poesy ! The first best gifts among
The ties that link humanity to heav'n,
To thee should ev'ry word and thought belong,
When adoration pours her grateful hymn.

O thou, the source of ev'ry hope and joy,
That late didst deign, thy vot'ry's plaint to hear ;
Say, should he dare to trace thy boundless way,
Would'st thou, with seraph's wing, his flight up-
bear ?

Without thine aid, to twine a wreath were vain,
Though choicest flow'rs abound on ev'ry hand ;
Why have they thus ungathered, drooping lain,
To waste unheeded on the desert strand ?

The voice of fame has sunk beneath the wave,
No longer wafted by the cannon's roar :
Or faint from grief, scarce breathes above the
grave,
Of him whose deeds exhausted all her pow'r.

Hast ever chanc'd in shoaly straits to steer,
When adverse winds the angry billows curl ;
And mark'd the pilot with a hearty cheer.
His offing made, bid ev'ry sail unfurl ?

So toils the bard, to gain his destin'd course,
While long the baffled fancy strives in vain,
Till wakes the muse, of ev'ry hope the source,
Welcome as day, with all his smiling train.

Nor poet without care may hope to thrive,
As bees refuse their honey to the drone,
That idly crowd and bask upon the hive,
While many a league the weary wand'rer's roam ;

And curious skim the heath'ry waste and moor,
Through summer's day, and autumn's chilling
eve ;

And lie unshelter'd 'neath the wither'd flow'r,
Without the meed the lab'rer should receive.

E'en so the Muse excursive, wings her way,
'Till off the cape that curbs the southern wave;
Where death in sable shrouds awaits his prey,
Hard by the brink of ocean's yawning grave.

Where the dark vapours crown the table-land,
And man degen'rate, flies the cultur'd fields;
Wild as the seas, that vex his native strand,
And to the forest's herd, dominion yields—

Ye spirits of the deep, so fam'd and coy,
Responding seldom to the suppliant Muse:
That on the bounding billows ride, and joy
To lash old ocean from his dull repose—

Thine aid afford, her colours are too faint
To show the wonders that are gath'ring round;
It were not fit, with feeble pow'rs to paint,
Scenes that in might and majesty abound.

Ye pow'rs that teach the endless waves to roll,
Or chain'd to rest beneath the polar height;

That stern defiance frowns at mortal rule,
The bard invokes to aid his daring flight.

That shake the base of Andes' lofty chain,
And dare with torch th' ethereal gates to brand ;
With billowy foam the dark'ning cloud to stain,
Or do ye thus, at heav'n's supreme command ?

At whose behest, the sulph'rous weapon speeds,
That blinds with light, and awes with deafning
peals,
No pow'r but his, th' electric fluid heeds,
Whose mighty works, the azure vault reveals.

Who trains to war the elemental host,
Where seamen say, when madd'ning raves the
storm,
That sprites are seen to flame the howling blast,
As hell had belch'd her imps of frightful form.

There the tall ship upheaves her gaping sides,
Distress'd and torn, her yielding planks complain ;
The spirit of the deep her strength derides,
And crowns with billows wild, the foamy main.

The seas assault, and free their passage make,
The helmsman firm, retains his honour'd post;
With watchful care, their plunging force to break,
No wav'ring thoughts, his dauntless brow suggests.

The wrath of heav'n is loose, skill nought avails,
The surges rise and strike with hideous yell;
The trembling bark that wind and wave assails,
Sinks in the trough, or rides the mountain swell.

All through the night the vessel stands to sea,
Less fear'd than yawning gulfs, that threat'ning
scare;
Below the rocks that toss the waves on high,
And lave with briny foam their summits bare.

Some kindly pow'r propitious, aids her course,
The winds restrain'd, in secret cavern's sleep,
Exhausted, lull'd, recruit their wasted force,
While lab'ring heaves the bosom of the deep.

Proud of the vessel's firm, enduring might,
All strive alert, and hope from slumber wakes;

So joys the slave, when from the galling weight
Of iron chains, long borne, he forth escapes.

Then Eurus swells, and curls the wanton waves,
That kiss the canvass wings on either side ;
Their brawling rage the buoyant vessel braves,
And high the figur'd prow the spray divides.

Thus wing'd to fly, before the fav'ring gale,
Up by the reeling mast the seaman stood ;
Yet nought to feed the famish'd eye could find,
Beside the rolling wave and boiling flood.

Again with cheering voice the master spoke,
Where seen the scaly shoals to shape their way ;
When far uprose, a solitary rock,
In lonely pride, above its guardian sea.

From Afric's main, a sever'd bulwark old,
Of sunken lands, a sole remaining peak,
Of realms ingulf'd, a promontory bold,
Its base beyond the fathom'd line to strike.

Such are the seas that guard the moated keep,
Ambition's tomb ! the child of destiny !

Its firm foundations broadly laid and deep,
Resist encroachment from the wind and sea.

The stately launch the jutting point had near'd,
Lull'd was the breeze, and idly wav'd the sail;
And ever and anon the surge was heard,
Soft as the murmurings of the syren's wail.

Thence oft is heard, some hapless spirit's moan,
That careth nought the reckless winds to brave;
The cavern'd shores, her mournful notes return,
As in the wind her tresses floating wave.

So me lone, deserted, melancholy maid,
Whose bosom weeps her lost, or faithless love;
And dreams he sleeps in ocean's oozy bed,
Where many wait the trumpet's call above.

And soon the ship embay'd, in safety rode,
The wave unruffled by the ocean blast;
As streams eternal flow, in that abode,
Where hope for aye, her golden anchor casts.

The crew had ranged along the landward side,
Intent the spirit's airy form to spy;

The sea birds haste, and leave the briny tide,
And soaring raise, the wild and fitful cry.

All other thoughts dispers'd, awhile were lost,
The sea-worn mariners forget their care;
The syren's song, then wafted from the coast,
Bound them as fast as Circe's fatal snare.

“ I care not for the glassy sea,
That seems my beating heart to chide;
Such calm unfolds no charm to me,
Who fain her bitter griefs would hide.

“ Where loud the angry surges rave,
Updriven by the ocean storm,
I haunt ! and from the deep would crave,
The tempest in my breast to drown.

“ Immur'd, in grated cells confin'd,
How cold the pray'r its inmate breathes;
Though mute the voice, the vagrant wind,
Would bear the sighs my bosom heaves.

“ Ah me ! that treach'rous smiles should grace
The faithless heart, and truth betray;

Such stains nor wit nor charms efface,
But give the crime a deeper die.

“ From such withhold thy sad lament,
Should Philomel, with voice so clear,
Complaining waste the night till spent,
And break her heart, they would not hear.”

Some time had ceas'd the syren's plaintive song,
That charm'd to rest the rude, inconstant wave ;
So sweet it sounds, the rocks and shoals among,
We list'ning wait, to ev'ry danger blind.

When heard again, her piteous notes of woe,
One dreaded ill her ev'ry thought absorb'd,
She hears the wild wave in her dreaming throe,
The work of fancy on a mind disturb'd.

“ Hush'd is the loud, and deadly blast,
Still as the wreck, beneath the wave,
Some fathoms deep embedded fast,
Entomb'd within the coral grave.

“ Profound the rest when labour's o'er,
And sweet the calm when suff'rings cease ;

So mortals live their chequer'd hour,
Death only brings us lasting peace."

Her tones were soften'd ere they pass'd away,
Commingling with the hoarser surge below ;
Or, through the curtain of her tearful eye,
Haply some cheering vision rose to view.

Pale from the east, the regent Queen of night
Majestic rose, to wend her trackless way,
Ere yet the ev'ning's blush of glowing light,
Far in the west, had own'd her chaster sway.

When o'er the scene, one lonely shadow fell,
That the dark mountain in the waters flung ;
And the worn spirits own'd the potent spell,
That long to fancy's wakeful vision clung.

A seraph beckons, and the Muse ascends,
By mountain paths, the steepy height to win ;
Where heav'n and earth the mingling vapour blends,
Commixture rare, for vast the gulf between.

Below the surges hoarse strict guard maintain,
And dire chimeras bar the straiten'd gate :

The blust'ring winds complete the yelling chain,
The furies haunt ! dread messengers of fate !

Ambition's rest ! Beside the sterile steep,
A willow-tree, of little note, is seen,
At silent eve, with dewy tears to weep,
No pageant here, no mockery I ween !

The grave of hope ! a waste and cheerless scene,
Apart from ev'ry dear and tender tie ;
The captive counts the leagues that intervene
From home, as links that chain to misery.

Why hither borne ? the heart exclaims, resolv'd
With deeper line th' obstructed way to sound ;
When, in the mazy labyrinth involv'd,
The tangl'd clue is lost, in depths profound.

No respite comes, no cheering note of spring,
No season's change, to ease the captive's pains ;
His joyless hours, of slow and leaden wing,
As winter near the pole for ever reigns !

How dull to mark the silent flight of time,
To note the waning orb, and radiant sphere,

That lately beam'd athwart his battle line,
Or silver'd o'er the slumb'ring groups of war.

All strange appears, the signs celestial chang'd,
Whose kindly influence o'er his legions shone,
When for the mortal combat closely ranged,
They, thus assur'd, full oft the battle won.

The tide of fortune past, no more returns;
The spring-time's short: an hour, perchance a
day!
As mystic as the Delphian sybil's terms,
That round about a secret meaning play.

Conflicting passions thus disturb the mind,
The judgment foiled, the baffl'd fancy feels
Her efforts light as feathers in the wind,
And waits on time, that ev'ry truth reveals.

Repose had follow'd in the thoughtful train,
And the clos'd eyelids all intrusion barr'd
By these, the ready inlets to the brain,
And haply left the vision unimpair'd.

Where mountain streams had worn the iron rock,
Its bosom to the beating tempest bare,
Appear'd the chief, who stood the battle's shock :
Man of the age ! confess'd without a peer.

His eye, impending o'er the spreading deep,
Had watch'd and follow'd with the sinking beam,
Beyond the moat, that circling bound his keep,
When thus a voice—or chanc'd the bard to dream ?

“ Thou mighty, all-pervading pow'r,
Whose will upholds the starry dome ;
O guide him through the darken'd hour,
That veils thy bright ethereal throne !

“ Lead him to weigh, and pour his 'plaint
Towards the mercy seat on high ;
And chasten'd bear what thou hast sent—
Afflictions teach humanity.

“ His life a troubled dream appears,
Since fortune's blind and with'ring form
Blasted the growth of many years,
As fruits are canker'd by the worm.

“ The freezing north, with iron grasp,
Fast seiz’d the wrecks that famine spar’d :
Death flew in eager haste to clasp,
The forms that like himself appear’d.

“ Till the dread tempest overhead,
With awful terror in advance ;
Ordain’d the host of heaven to lead,
Awoke him from the fatal trance.”

Then as she wept, the minstrel nymph would strive
Through tears to smile, and charm with tender
strain ;
So woman’s heart, to love and grief alive,
Can heighten joy, or share the weight of pain.

“ Why treasure grief as miser’s gold,
That day and night strict vigils keep ;
Their countless sums remain untold,
Of misery’s bitter cup and deep ?

“ The grievous weight alone they bear,
And may not lay the burden down ;
Nor yet admit their hoard to share
But secret pine and silent mourn.

“ The fountain’s dry, whence flow’d the tears,
As frozen rivers cease to run ;
With ever-waking care, that sears
The heart to adamant stone.

“ Contentment seek, of greater worth
Than fame or wealth could e’er attain ;
If yet her place is found on earth,
For she can teach thee heav’n to gain.

“ The soul’s delight ! in silence hail,
And woo her in the tranquil home,
She does not brook dull sorrow’s wail,
Nor pleasure’s high, enraptur’d tone.

“ With temper’d thoughts approach her shrine,
Resign’d the good or ill to bear ;
For these no mortal may disjoin,
So link’d as they together are.”

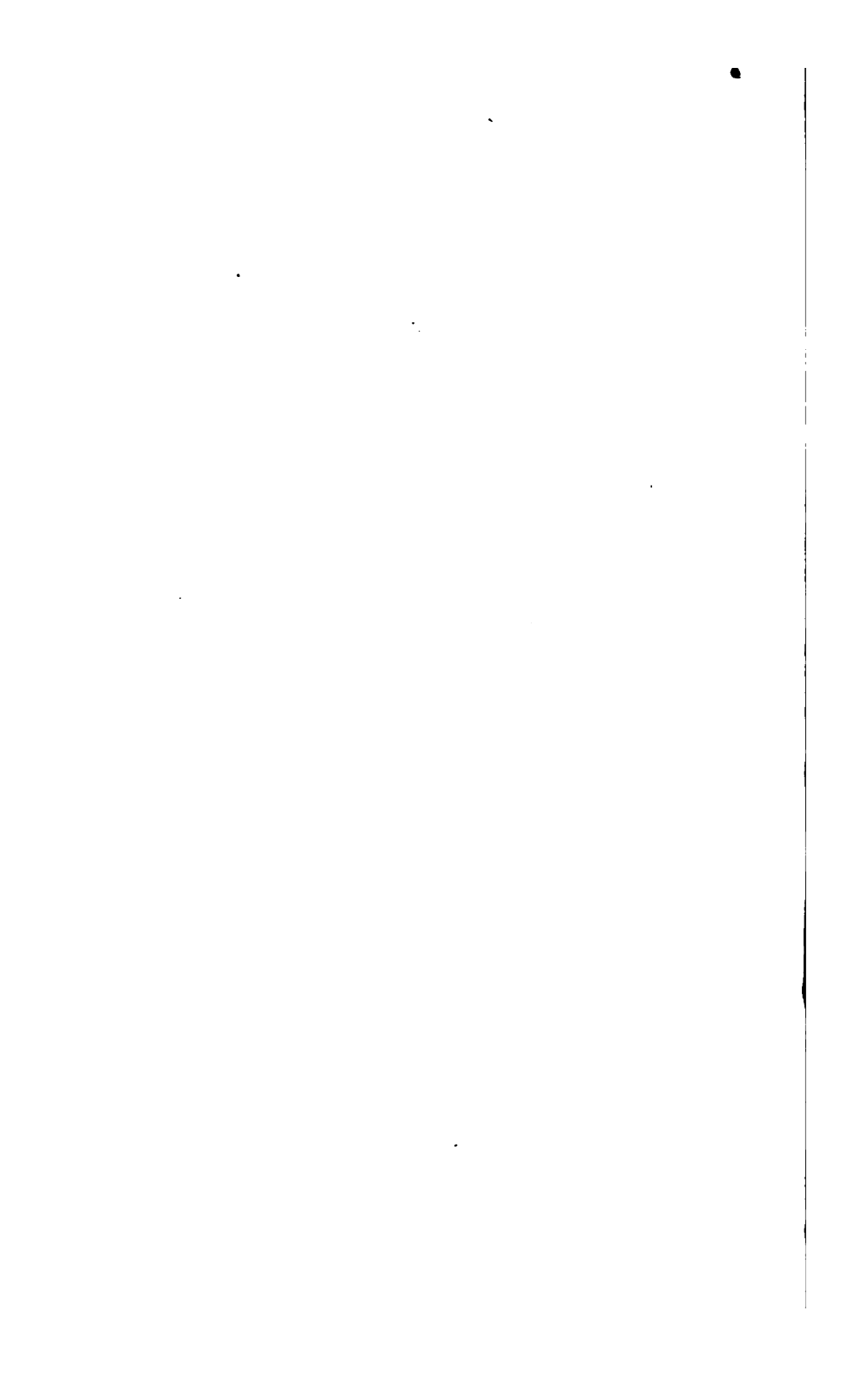
As the blithe lark with joys ecstatic song,
Unwearied strives to reach the azure sky ;
Once more her harp the syren minstrel strung,
To soothe the captive’s pain with melody.

“ Thy breast is like the troubled sea,
That breaks against the rocky shore ;
Where raging bursts the foamy spray,
And rolls the wide tumultuous roar.

“ Sorrow becomes the hapless race,
That boasts a keen and searching mind ;
Of skill the planet's orb to trace,
And ev'ry path of heav'n to find.

“ Condemn'd with fear the earth to creep,
Expos'd to all the reptile tribe ;
What should he do but toil and weep,
And smile at vain and empty pride ?”

The burden of his grief she could not move,
With all the pow'r her simple art supplied ;
And failing ceas'd, nor longer vainly strove
To stem the current that her strength defied.



Canto the Fourth.

IMPRESSIONS INDELIBLE.

IMPRESSIONS INDELIBLE.

EPISODE.

PREFATORY LINES.

FORBEAR, my Muse, to press the Nine,
The bitter cup of tears to drain ;
That grief was ever foe to rhyme,
Is known to ev'ry shepherd swain,
The lowing herd, the bleating flock,
Discordant weep, and sore lament ;
The torrents rushing from the rock,
Corrodes its breast of adamant.
Then seek the Muse's fav'rite bow'r,
And mem'ry there her aid shall bring ;
And wait on sorrow's transient show'r,
Where joy was wont to bound and spring :

Where ev'ry light in heav'n that's seen,
And little else we there behold,
And all on earth that bears a name,
The heart conceive or sense unfold,
Can to the youthful breast convey,
Impressions rare, by nature wrought,
Engraven deep, indelibly—
Wares that were never sold or bought ;
Then, as the heart its homage paid,
And vow'd the banner'd cross to prize,
A guardian spirit, whisp'ring, said,
'Tis well ! aspiring thoughts should rise !
And bade me take a nearer view,
And mark the slipp'ry path to fame
Where many toil, though but a few
Could hope the envied height to gain,
Nor these should find a place of rest,
So bare the steepy point is found,
They oft, while slumb'ring on its crest,
Are headlong hurl'd in gulfs profound.

IMPRESSIONS INDELIBLE.

EPISODE.

WE should not gaze intent upon the sun,
Its rays concentrated, might the sight inflame ;
Nor court too long the dark oppressive gloom,
But from the sum of each, subtract a mean.

With airy step, my Muse, then haste to lead.
And meet the breeze that early takes its way,
To chase the dews, and sweep the flow'ry mead,
Of lazy mists, that hide the coming day.

Sometime to revel in a lighter vein,
As in the spring the op'ning bloom is seen,
Its drooping leaf to press the verdant plain,
And weep and smile the passing show'rs between.

Whence tap'ring rise to view, the sacred fanes,
Below the height where F  me her clarion sounds,

Whose peals triumphant greet the lordly Thames,
Till echo's note the list'ning ear confounds.

There musing pace beside the winding stream,
Or upland range, and skirt the coppice wood ;
And pausing note the passing sunny beam,
That streaks with glitt'ring ray the silver flood.

High o'er the stream the pride of Albion's isle,
That countless tribute to the nation brings ;
A proud, magnificent, stupendous pile ;
Invites to view, the palace of her kings.

Hard by the bank the bending willows rest,
Their graceful shadows on the waters thrown,
As infant smiles adorn the mother's breast,
Of nature's portraiture the sweetest form.

And shun, as wont, the bright meridian ray,
Within the forest dark, and bow'ry glade ;
Where rippling streamlets sport in wanton play,
Nor harsher sounds the cool retreat invade.

Thence trace afar the river's devious line,
A silver cord embosom'd in the vale ;

Where beacon'd by the tow'ring, stately pine,
Ere lost in ev'ning's dewy vesture pale.

Till Cynthia pale, upholds her borrow'd lamp,
And o'er the scene, her silv'ry lustre strews ;
To shame, and dissipate the vap'ry damp,
That night in sullen mood, around her throws.

Or e'er in heav'n, the beauteous gems appear,
That sparkling bright adorn the galaxy ;
And all the host that crowd the hemisphere,
In streams of light have form'd the milky way.

Then was the sunshine of life's happier hour,
When fancy pictur'd visions ever bright :
Or, if o'ershadow'd by the passing show'r,
Would after glisten with increas'd delight.

The bygone time, 'tis pleasant to review,
On early passages of life to muse,
The faint and wasted spirits to renew,
In the last cup, the precious balm t' infuse.

The mem'ry's tablets faithful, true, records,
That *first* impressions deeply penetrate :

When passion vibrates to the simplest chords,
To nature true, that models ev'ry heart.

The master's hand, we best may learn to trace,
So finely wrought in youth's elastic mind ;
The seal indelible, no years efface,
For time cements, and aids the work to bind.

Remembrance loves to fan the flame anew,
That erst the kindling bosom serv'd to warm ;
As mirrors plac'd reflected light to show,
The scene restores; and brighter makes the
charm.

AMBITION'S REST.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

PREFATORY LINES.

AWAKE ! the slumb'ring Muse arouse,
The vision of the night to close :
The wand'rings of a troubled dream,
Are verging on oblivion's stream ;
E'en now, the tangled clew to find,
Demands an effort of the mind ;
The storied urn upraise with care,
And ornament with spoils of war.
The trophies of the battle-field,
The fallen warrior's fame to shield ;
But leave reprov'd his stubborn pride,
The wrathful spirit to abide ;
The minister from heav'n depute,
Th' unerring will to execute,
Of Him who sits enthron'd on high,
The all-controlling Deity.

THE STORIED URN.

THE Muse her path endeavours to retrace,
Ambition's rest, once more to meditate ;
Ere time from memory the past efface,
And works her dream with care elaborate.

Th' eventful vision on the Isle unveils,
And lifts the curtain that her slumbers bound ;
And through its wand'rings, haply reads and spells
Despite the labyrinth's eternal round.

The vision shows not one unbroken scene,
As in the shadow from the mountain thrown ;
Night's gloomy mantle spread upon the main,
That made the sea and land appear as one.

Since when the syren vainly tun'd her lyre,
To soothe the captive with instructive song ;

But found the task beyond her feeble pow'r,
The swelling current of his grief too strong.

What time the guardians of the solemn night,
Descend invisible to mortal ken ;
Whose influence awes or quickens with delight,
O'errules, or shapes the destinies of men.

The pallid orb, emerged, on high was seen,
Its silv'ry rays to glitter on the steep ;
The shadows shorten'd, closer drawn within
The level precincts, of the land and deep.

When, in the solemn, still, and midnight hour,
Wrapp'd in his ample vest, the chief would roam ;
And meditate, subdued, the crumbling tow'r,
Where'er on his path, the gloomy, shadows frown.

His fortunes pictured, there he chanc'd to read,
And paus'd, the faithful semblance to behold ;
No more its honours to the gale outspread,
The ruin pile, another story told ;
When thus escap'd his sad soliloquy,
As conscious that his end was drawing nigh.

“ Ye pow’rs unseen ! congenial spirits hail !
Or by the naked reef, or mountain bare,
That here invite the wretched to bewail,
With all that feeds with grief the eye or ear.

“ Where looms the foliage dark and high,
And hung erewhile, the lamp of day,
And seen revers’d, the leaf and sky,
Reflected in the wat’ry way.

“ Should there the storied urn appear,
When the cold earth is o’er me laid,
And from the stranger fall a tear,
A debt by Nature own’d and paid.

“ With sculptur’d forms adorn the base,
Of columns deep, and outstretch’d line ;
And these with firm impression trace,
That all may note the warrior’s shrine.

“ Death should upraise, and poise the lance,
Intent to give it mortal force ;
While bright-eyed mercy’s lightning glance,
Electric, shapes oblique its course.

“ Of figure gaunt, grim Terror’s king,
Triumphant views the gory feat ;
And casts around his sable wing,
Ere yet the pulses cease to beat.

“ Enrag’d to find his pow’r controll’d,
The elements of aspect fierce ;
From deserts parch’d, and regions cold,
The famish’d ranks assail and pierce.”

Again he travers’d Scythia’s dreary wild
And Palestina’s well-remember’d waste ;
Though long of victory the favour’d child,
The teeming mother there aside had cast.

Of toil he spoke, and Syria’s heat intense,
Where havoc stalks abroad with fearful strides ;
In ghastly forms, of plague and pestilence ;
With famine’s ling’ring train of miseries.

There desolation holds her ancient reign ;
There ! works of ages dark, as death repose ;
In the still night, when tir’d Nature fain
To rest, has drawn her ebon curtains close.

Thence science dates her birth, her early dawn,
Efulgent rose, alike the morning sun :
When circling bright, to trace the fervid zone,
His lamp to either world with lustre shone.

As fountain pure, that swells the limpid stream,
The source whence sprung religion's sacred
light ;
Chaste as the pale moon's soft and silv'ry beam,
That tints the melancholy shades of night.

From eastern realms, first came the word divine,
The cradle old of wild prophetic song ;
The chosen spot, of paradise the clime,
Where hope was born, from the Eternal sprung !

Then all was hush'd, as death in realms below,
As this his gloomy cave or pit had been ;
The measur'd step of time, seem'd wond'rous slow,
When thus befel, or was it still a dream ?

Through the wide regions of ethereal space,
In flame envelop'd, or on meteor borne ;
A herald of forthcoming wrath or grace,
That travell'd with the light, was seen to come.

Ye mortals learn, the rolling spheres between,
In middle air, a guardian pow'r resides ;
The heart to curb, and tame as now I ween,
When man betrays the trust that heav'n confides.

Whose missions issue from celestial courts,
From whence alone, a light can emanate ;
By which to read the bosom's inmost thoughts,
And trace the deep recesses of the heart.

Swift as the lightning's bolt, when sent to aid,
But slow to hurl the shaft, by vengeance arm'd ;
They hover long above the guilty head,
When so a mandate voice, the captive warn'd.

“ Who dares to call the spirits from afar,
That 'neath the ocean's troubled bosom rest ;
Or circling move, astride the glitt'ring star,
Must bow submissive, to the high behest.

“ Scourge of humanity ! Forbear !
Amidst the wrecks of many a throne ;
Thy ill-cemented works declare,
And heaven's eternal justice own.

“ Nor dream this earth was made for war,
 Its peaceful streams with blood to flow ;
And thou ! the handy-work to mar,
 As Nature’s self to thee should bow.

“ The light for thee alone to shine,
 Its radiance streaming far and wide ;
The starry host, the march of time,
 Were all to crown ephem’ral pride.

“ Rent by the storm, the forests groan,
 And rav’nous howl the beasts of prey ;
What time the night-bird’s dismal moan,
 Strikes on the ear its boding cry.

“ But man must calm the troubled breast,
 And lock’d within, his sorrows keep ;
Save at the midnight hour of rest,
 Then, with thy tears the pillow steep,

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

“ What use the downy couch to press,
When quick the pulses meet the touch ;
Unerring signs of life's distress,
That flutters as the foes approach.

“ 'Tis fate that calls ! Thy glass is run,
The night's far spent, the lamp burns dim ;
The thread of life all bare is worn,
Haste, warrior, haste, the goal to win.

“ Ambition sorts not with this earth,
The weed its bosom will not bear ;
The darker regions gave it birth,
Whence sprung rebellion's impious war.

“ An evil spirit, has it come,
Alike the dreaded pestilence :
To claim this planet for its own,
And deaden ev'ry thought and sense.

“ It cannot be, or long remain,
That man to reason should be blind ;

Or chaos would return again,
And matter supersede the mind."

The sound had travell'd with the passing stream,
And night advanced, in solemn stillness wrapt;
Watch'd by the pale moon's soft and silv'ry beam,
All nature, save the restless current, slept.

When lo, methought, a spirit by me stood.
Sprung from the neighb'ring wild, or mountain
cave;
Or from the ocean's deep and briny flood,
The holy rite of sepulture to crave.

"Tell me," it said, "thou child of sorrow born,
Why tears thy letter'd page have steep'd and
worn;
Or dost thou seek in feigned grief to lose,
And haply drown the sense of nearer woes?"

With wonder struck, and rooted ev'ry limb,
The bard became as statue, mute and blind;
Confusion seem'd the very brain to climb,
When truth thus whisper'd in the passing wind.

“ One morn he chanc’d a muse to spy,
In garb of plaintive Poesy ;
Who bade him take the harp and try,
To soothe the soul with melody.

“ He sung the autumn’s faded leaf,
The wail that came from Helon’s reef ;
Of fell ambition’s tortur’d breast,
That heav’n and earth deny to rest ;
Sure these should cause the tears to flow,
From ev’ry heart to nature true.”

The majesty of truth, ne’er sued in vain,
Upheld by lovely innocence we feel ;
Her virgin robe of white, without a stain,
A safer guard, than coat of burnish’d steel.

The simple tale had smooth’d the vision’s brow,
That now unbent, beneficently shone ;
Mild as the summer ev’ning’s beauteous glow,
That peace invites, and sorrow bids begone.

Ye hapless bards ! Whatever ill befalls,
Forbear in idle haste, such aid to claim ;

The fearful scene, the timid Muse appals,
Once on the wing, to woo her back were vain.

Surprise oft puts the judgment out of joint,
The senses flurried, flown one knows not where ;
Reason deserted, fails to make her point,
Lost in the shad'wy labyrinth of fear.

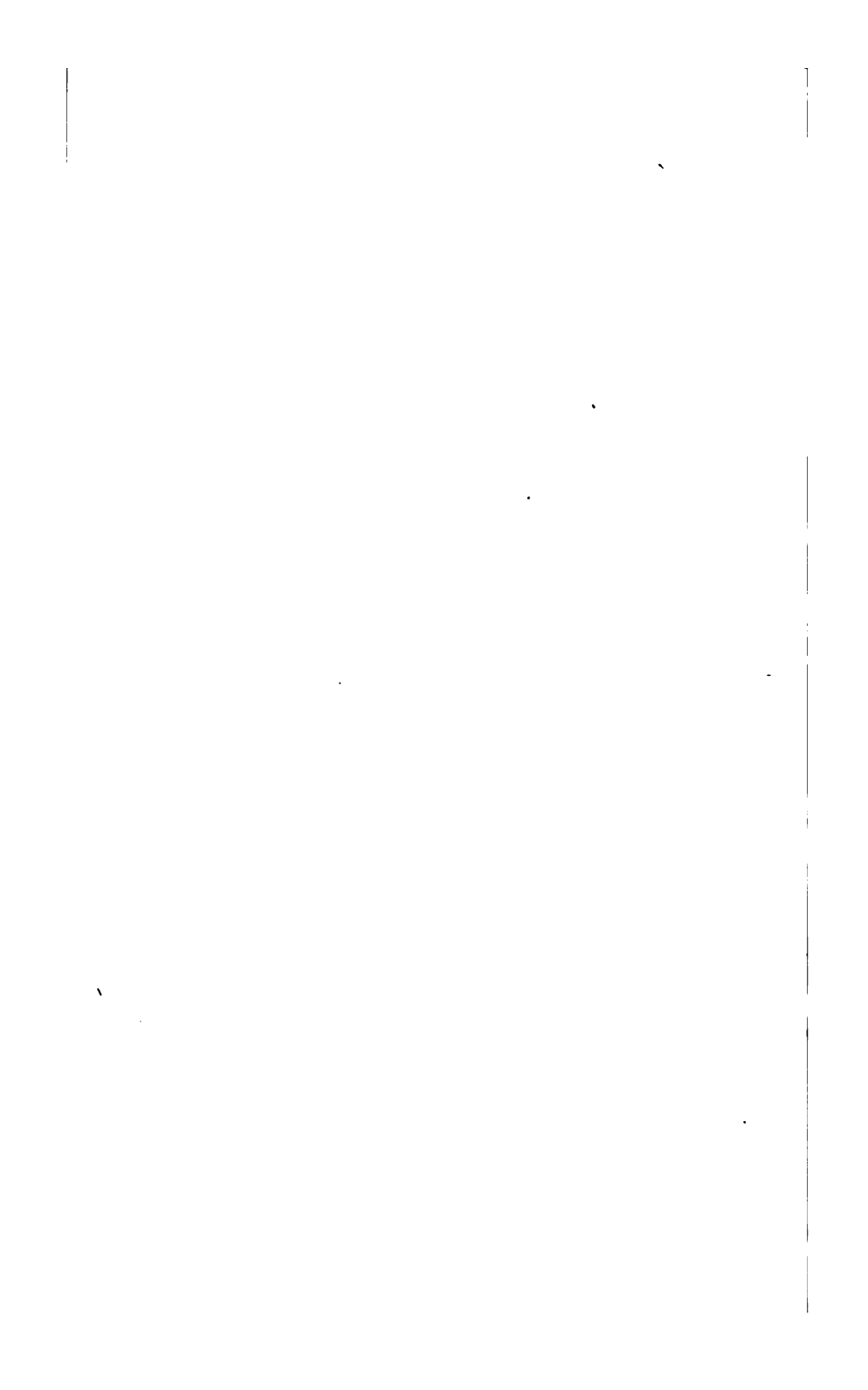
Alarms engender with surpassing speed,
As flames emitted from the blazing fire ;
So Jennetts from the western breezes breed,
Snuff up the wind, and woo the ambient air.

Ere long had clos'd, the vision's earnest strain,
A vivid flame illum'd the mountain height,
And peals reverb'rate, echo'd from the main,
Told that the warrior's soul had ta'en its flight.

Aerial choirs of sweetest symphony,
Ascending slow, in circling order move ;
And fill, with mingled notes of harmony
And grateful hymns, th' ethereal arch above.

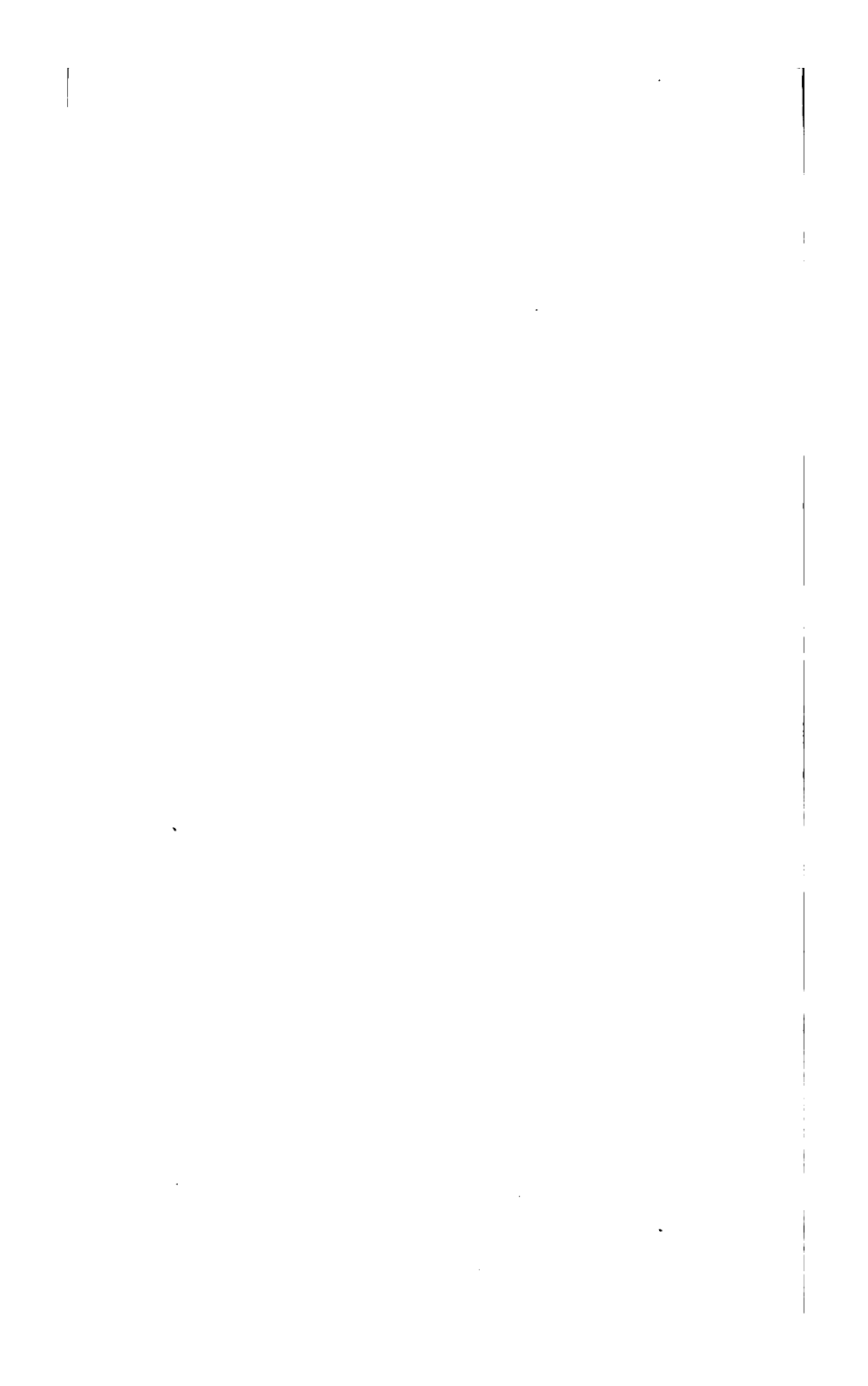
To mellow sounds, of deep and chasten'd woe,
The Muse, awaken'd, lends a willing ear;
The subtile spirit, veil'd from earthly view,
His task perform'd, has joined the heavenly
choir.

END OF CANTO IV.



Canto the Fifth.

A M B I T I O N ' S R E S T .



AMBITION'S REST.

“ The subtile spirit through each change survives,
Or in the fancy's ardent vision lives ;
And weaves with mystic art, and texture fine,
What poets use, to build the lofty rhyme,
Of pow'r creative, casts her figures new,
Or brings the past, and present, to the view.”

THE Muse, as wont, the slumb'ring hours to guile,
The varied path of Poesy explores,
With truth and fiction by her side the while,
To proffer for her use, their choicest stores.

At will she traverses the waf'ry main,
The mountain path, or down the shadowy glen.
As wild bees ramble, o'er the flow'ry plain,
And cater, for the food and health of man.

She hears the breezy ripple that foretells,
Aurora's coming by the op'ning gate ;
Whose presence, Nature's ev'ry charm unveils,
And gladdens even things inanimate.

Such was the radiance of the rising day,
As first upon ambition's rest it shone ;
Of ocean born, its unobstructed ray
Had gilt the tablets of the storied urn.

A voice then bade the Muse to form,
A wreath with flow'rs of every hue ;
The warrior's crested helm t' adorn,
And round his lonely grave to strew :
Though these should fade and pale become,
His fame, for many a year should bloom.

To chant the requiem's solemn dirge,
When gathered round his wat'ry bier ;
And mingle with the mournful surge,
The plaintive notes of voice and lyre,
For mercy ask, and loudly plead,
For mercy, all have hope and need.

THE REQUIEM.

THE struggle's o'er, his spirit's flown,
Up to his bright and ruling star;
That beckon'd as the ruthless storm,
Had blasted ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
To come and find unbroken rest,
So long a stranger to his breast.

No more, to hear the battle-cry,
Since adverse fortune's ebbing tide;
Has left the vessel high and dry,
That hope was wont to buoy and guide.
The shatter'd wreck unsought, unseen,
Lies bleaching 'neath the sultry beam.

Here, as his wounded spirit felt
No earthly pow'r relief could bring,
Subdued, his heart would inward melt,
For grief had sapp'd the vital spring.
He saw and own'd the boundless wave
Must prove of ev'ry hope the grave.

From hence he watch'd the latest ray,
While but a gleam of light remain'd ;
'That crimson'd o'er the western sky,
As when the fiery streaks had stain'd,
The curtain of the setting sun,
That clos'd a day of battle won.

Then, as he thought on distant home,
Despair through ev'ry feature flew ;
O'erstrain'd, the heart-strings lost their tone ;
Chords that can ne'er be strung anew :
When forth escap'd the bursting sigh,
Upwafted to the throne on high.

" Shelter the young and tender shoot,
Now sever'd from the parent tree ;
Cleft from the royal cedar's root,
And early graft a love of thee !"
He could no more, but bow'd his head,
And soon was number'd with the dead.

Stranger ! on this thy faith should hold,
When the last trumpet sounds from far ;
Such scenes as visions ne'er unfold,
Within thy ken, shall then appear,

Beyond life's dark and troubled sea,
A blessed calm, eternity !

Above the glittering porch of fame,
The gates of heav'n are left unbarr'd ;
That all admission may obtain,
If worthy of the high reward :
Humility and Truth are there,
To prompt the lowly suppliant's pray'r.

As beacons in the gloom of night,
To guide the wayworn mariner ;
And open to his longing sight,
The wish'd-for haven drawing near :
Where all may rest, an open port,
No more of winds and waves the sport.

To close and seal the hallow'd rite,
Portray, with colours that, combin'd
With light and shade, to indicate
The wanings of a lofty mind ;
Now shooting forth its splendid ray,
Now veil'd in dark obscurity.

THE CAPTIVE.

'The temple rose, adorn'd, a structure fair,
That well conceal'd from view the latent fire ;
'Till stormy blasts disturb'd the secret lair,
When forth it burst, and raged with demon's ire :
Destruction o'er his banners wav'd her wand,
And terror saw, in ev'ry spark a brand.

'Though high enroll'd upon the list of fame,
He still would strive to scale the barren steep ;
A meteor's light ! his short and dazzling reign ;
It blaz'd, and sank for ever in the deep :
As comets, that in time of change appear,
Attract the gaze, and strike the world with awe.

'That come a wholesome lesson to expound,
And, prove to man his insufficiency ;
To dive in sacred mysteries profound,
And scan the workings of the Deity :
A wondrous missile, in the pow'r of Fate,
To menace worlds, if need, annihilate !

His place is where the Ethiopic seas
Divide, the southern capes, on either hand ;
Where winds and waves their jarring conflicts cease,
To guard with mutual care the rugged strand ;
For Fate, resolved to make his prison sure,
Turn'd ev'ry bolt, and doubly barr'd the door.

A rock the earth, in fearful travail cast,
Convulsive hurl'd, in ages long since gone,
From the embowell'd centre's heated blast,
A monument to form, for time to come ;
A beacon high, remorseless pow'r to warn ;
A sign portentous, easy to discern.

So great a scheme, especial care betrays,
The flaming torch, 'tis said, was wont to sear ;
Too fiercely burnt, its scorching, vivid rays,
For this, our cold, and darker hemisphere
Its brighter beams, to jealousy inflam'd
The rival spheres, and satellites alarm'd.

Beside his rest, the soaring eagles build
Their aeries, open to the burning sky ;
Say, does he nought require, to 'fend and shield

His darker deeds, from awful majesty?
Whose eye, all-seeing, views the dungeon's gloom,
Whose ear is open to the victim's groan.

Fortune enslav'd, enamour'd had become,
And triumphs, in succession, follow'd close;
Then chang'd, with wonted fickleness, his doom,
And to the world restor'd its lost repose:
His rise and fall, alike precipitate,
Extremes exhibit, of her love and hate.

O what a toy, a brittle toy, is fame!
A varnish'd idol, worshipp'd by the blind,—
A phantom! that eludes Ambition's aim,
Too subtile for his grasping pow'r to bind:
Toil without end, or goal in view to win;
No resting place, nor bounds to keep within;
Lost to the world, by ev'ry tempest driv'n;
When at its zenith, farthest off from heav'n.

A TALE OF ARABY.

My Muse, what chanc'd in Araby relate,
Where fabulous conceits ensure reward ;
Where tales of votaries of fame delight,
More relish'd than the food that crowns the
board.

Where Egypt's stream manures the fertile plain,
And Cairo's brazen domes, and spires arise ;
And the vast pyramids, the boast and shame
Of pow'r relentless, pierce the cloudless skies.

That with eternity the race dispute,
And baffle all that would their course pursue ;
Time's backward march, in vain they would compute,—
A labyrinth it proves, without a clue.

Fame tells, as there the haughty chieftain stood,
Intent the fabric's base, and height to weigh ;
Some sudden shock, repell'd the vital flood,
As death had struck, or instant malady.

The conflict of a proud, imperious soul,
Constrain'd the current of his thoughts to turn ;
And yield, perforce, submission to control,
Obedient to the power he could not shun.

The spirit of the place ! transfix'd his sight,
That dull became, and changed to glassy hue ;
His limbs unnerv'd, scarce bear their wonted
weight,
And his pale cheek, grew cold, and moist as dew.

It may be, that a passing cloud *was seen*,
His thoughtful brow to darken with its shade ;
Or transient flurry, in his alter'd mien,
Awhile, his calm demeanour to invade.

“ Behold !” the spirit spoke ! “ what wouldst thou
more ?

The harvest erst, was gathered ripe and full ;
The gleanings left, are wither'd, scant, and poor,
Nor reaper's arm, nor sickle's edge were dull.

“ Thy thoughts arrest, if ever they should stray
From lust of conquest, that but poorly cloaks

The fevered brain,—the mind's deformity !
That reasons just, and hallow'd sanction mock.

“ If here immur'd, or in the humble grave,
With pristine earth to mingle once again,
Death frees the soul, that instant hastes to leave,
And soars aloft, the promis'd rest to claim.

“ Hence, with thy pale, devoted host,
Hence ! and bestride the briny wave ;
Or perish with unslacken'd thirst,
And raise the desert's drifting grave.

“ Vengeance arous'd ! shall soon awake,
And straight her wrathful vial pour :
Earth to its centre, trembling shake,
Affrighted at her mighty pow'r.

“ The plague outstrips the bullet's speed,
Ploughs the dense ranks, and sows despair ;
Infectious, foul disease shall breed,
Ride on the wind, and taint the air.

“ Death strikes unseen, with fatal spear,
As eagles swift, the prey o'ershade,

As triumph tramples over fear,
That breathless lies, beneath his tread."

Rebuk'd, the chieftain stood, to silence aw'd,
Nor unappall'd received the dread command ;
Denouncing wrath, prophetic as the word,
That sires of old proclaim'd throughout the land !

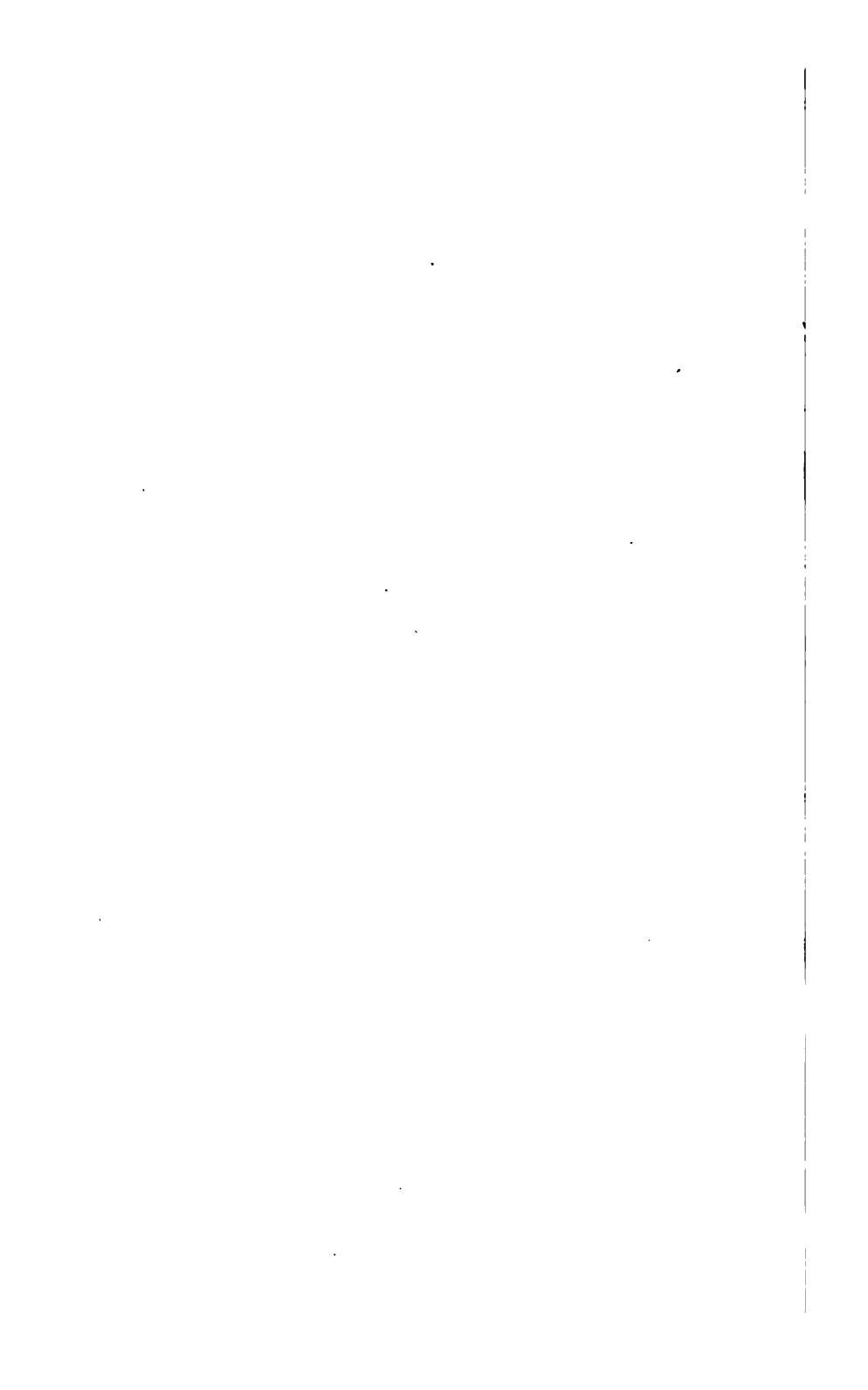
The tale more lengthen'd, busy rumour gave,
Of mystic characters, and number'd days,
That Heaven incens'd, would soon his spirit crave,
That Fate was high, and little brook'd delays.

That land he left in dark, mysterious haste,
Beneath the sable shroud that night unfolds,
To cover deeds of crime, and overcast
The works that Fate, from mortal sight with-
holds.

END OF CANTO V.

Canto the Sixth.

BRITANNIA'S TRIUMPH.



PREFATORY LINES.

O LUCKLESS bard, of all the plain
The humblest of the tuneful train ;
What Muse betray'd thee, thus to dare,
Unskill'd, with rude, and simple lyre,
To sing of proud, heroic war ?
A reed, late gather'd from the bourne,
At autumn's dewy eve to mourn,
Beside the flow'ret's early grave,
The remnant of her pride to save ;
And place a pillow 'neath the head,
That low upon the earth was laid ;
And brush the fallen leaf away,
Lest there, the eye of scorn should stray,
And blight the tear of sympathy.
Apollo, should the muse inspire,
Taught by the full, harmonious choir,
That chants to ev'ry circling sphere,
With Iō pæans to upraise,

A nation's voice, a nation's praise !
Such care Britannia's fame demands,
A theme that ev'ry breast expands ;
That owns the force of freedom's pow'r,
The current of the blood to pour ;
And through each channel of the heart,
Its magic influence to impart ;
Though simple melody might best,
Such mighty deeds of arms attest ;
The dress of fancy laid aside,
So often used defects to hide ;
The garb of truth, it best becomes,
The manly port, of freedom's sons.
Then grateful bid the Muse farewell,
That oft has cheer'd thy hermit's cell ;
And deck'd the gloomy thoughts and view,
With recollection's brighter hue.
My little bark, thy sail unfurl,
Stand off, and court the rising gale ;
With vigour strike once more the lyre,
Nought is achiev'd by doubt and fear,
For mastery in peace or war.

BRITANNIA'S TRIUMPH.

THE ship Britannia many a storm outliv'd,
And bade defiance to the wave and wind ;
Her crew in battle, honour oft achiev'd,
Their triumphs to no sea or clime confin'd :
Fair commerce in her wake, was seen to sail,
And slaves unfetter'd, her approach to hail.

Britannia thus, her cherished fame upholds,
And succour to her distant realms conveys ;
Repels th' invader, and protects their folds,
And radiates ignorance with freedom's rays :
With science leagued, the elements subdued,
Proclaim her rule, with liberty imbued.

Off neighb'ring shores, a hostile shout was heard,
From countless hosts, the yielding air to rend ;

So Fame had whisper'd, and aloud declar'd,
The Britons would their native isle defend,
Against the world, and monarch's unstain'd throne,
For these to love, and to protect was one.

The foe had grasp'd the roll of fame,
Their chief, the boldest spirits aw'd ;
The pow'rs submissive, join'd his train,
His beams their sparks of light absorb'd ;
As bleating herds, the nations bow'd ;
For why?—their shepherds were not lov'd.

Britannia arm'd, unus'd to yield,
Her kindred hosts, of gallant mien ;
Emblazon'd on her triple shield,
The thistle, rose, and shamrock green :
That all her sons were wont to bear
In triumph through the ranks of war.

Her chiefs, in battle often tried,
And skill'd the threefold force to wield,
Her foes had challeng'd and defied,
Or on the wave or tented field ;
Till many a cape, and echoing bay,
Resounded shouts, of victory !

One effort more, their toils to end,
The chief unconquer'd, bade unfurl
Their sacred banners, and defend,
With might collected, heart and soul;
And rest if need, on honour's bed,
Nor live, less envied than the dead.

Time's travail, is a labour sore
In giving birth to prodigies ;
When thunders mark the natal hour,
The converse of the Destinies :
Then, voices in the winds are heard,
As more than mortals were abroad.

The din of preparation drowns,
E'en at its birth, obtrusive care ;
Then man humanity disowns,
Above his fellows to appear ;
In heav'n the wrathful tempests low'r,
And cannons ape the thunder's roar.

Destruction's work to hasten on,
The sickle, death has ta'en in hand ;
Nor leaves it, till the setting sun

Has cloth'd in mournful vest the land ;
As fain his presence to withdraw
From scenes that outrage Nature's law.

Fortune so trimm'd the balanc'd scales,
Well pleased, the poise she long survey'd ;
And Rumour, with her thousand tales,
Who ne'er by truth alone was sway'd,
To silence aw'd, resolv'd to wait,
Deferring to the will of Fate.

With ardent zeal, and firm resolve,
To win the palm, the rivals fought ;
And with redoubled efforts strove,
With all the tact experience taught :
If there the British arm was foil'd,
Hard-by assail'd, the Gaul recoil'd.

Each soldier buoy'd with hope elate,
Believ'd his individual arm,
Possess'd the all-sufficient might,
To seize, and hold, the envied palm ;
As one that breasteth high the stream,
And vigour finds its force to stem.

Though bullets furrow'd deep the ground,
 Disgorg'd from mouths inflam'd with ire ;
And deadly missiles hiss'd around,
 The brood of all-devouring war ;
Assail'd, the phalanx stood unmov'd,
 Nor to the lance, or cuirass bow'd.

As day his destin'd goal had near'd,
 To mark the last, eventful round ;
That storm portentous nigh appear'd,
 The limits of his course to bound,
Ere night her ebon shroud had clos'd,
O'er many, that with death repos'd.

The welcome mandate gave command,
 With quicken'd step, to disengage ;
“ On to the charge, with heart and hand,
 The foeman slackens in his rage ;”
The spirit within each bosom bounds,
Invig'rate, to the call responds.

The tide of battle rolling high,
 A Pow'r to control was seen ;
Genius of Fame and Victory,

Cloth'd in a mortal's garb with mien
Of eminence and gifted light :
Schemes to forecast and designate.

Who shall forget the rending shout ?

Not those, who fled in wild dismay ;
Nor those who forc'd the mingled rout,
The mass, of broken pageantry ;
Though doom'd upon the field to lie,
The stricken, token'd inward joy.

Then night, in turn, with angry frown,
Forbade the work of death to view ;
Who now his sickle had laid down,
Intent his labour to renew,
When day again his light should give,
And Terror's awful pow'r revive.

Thus Fate's decree, eternal made,
Had doomed Ambition's transient pow'r,
Eclips'd, should fall, within the shade
Of Britain's high, ascending star ;
And there remain, as seen erewhile,
A bick'ring light, o'er Helon's isle.

One spirit govern'd in his breast,
For ever on the wing to soar;
And rul'd despotic o'er the rest,
Nor would a rival's influence bear :
That isle, no change of season knows,
And there, one wind for ever blows.

The conquer'd, all but honour lost,
Their chief, his fortunes to sustain ;
And well, the sacrifice may boast,
Of hecatombs in battle slain :
One pledge remain'd, and which 'tis said,
Would, if redeemed, the debt have paid.

Had fortune doom'd his earthly rest,
On th' ensanguin'd field should be,
The shield of glory on his crest,
Had stamp'd his fame indelibly.
The Spartan mother then had smil'd,
And own'd him for her true-born child.

His sun for ever, now has set,
And fame her mantle has withdrawn,
That fades and shrivels, when defeat,

The laurel from the brow has torn ;
Hush ! nor arraign the will of fate,
For what is man ? an instrument.

O ye, who ev'ry gift appraise,
Ye sage economists renown'd :
From frigid calculations cease ;
Deductions vain, in error form'd.
If in the heart, ye yet may learn,
The standard metal to discern.

Come, and o'erlook the battle plain,
The living and the dead are there ;
So mangled, that the last may claim,
Of ills, the lighter weight to bear.
Where sternly calm, the features rest,
High pillow'd on the foeman's breast.

Britannia's sons with fame to crown,
What figures could the sum make known ?
Unsparing hands, the seeds have sown,
For those to reap, as yet unborn :
The pruning-knife brings forth the shoot,
But here was cleft, both branch and root.

A master mind laid out the work,
The lab'ers well their part perform'd,
Nor once the appointed task forsook,
Or if o'erwhelm'd, in haste return'd ;
And some, less busy through the day,
At night with sickle plied their way.

Peace to the brave—and peace be thine,
Ye fair bereft ! no longer grieve ;
Around thy heart, the scion twine,
The sire in him, again shall live.
Who saw, ere death the sight had glazed,
And on thy vision fondly gazed.

FAREWELL TO THE LYRE.

FAREWELL the lyre, companion meet,
To give the troubled mind relief;
That as the sound of angels' feet,
Threw open wide the door to grief,
Thou, in her need, thine aid did bring,
And taught the Muse to plume her wing.

Farewell the lyre, of pow'r to cheer,
And still affliction's wailing cry;
Whose tones subdued, will travel where
The songs of triumph fade away;
That brought the gates of heav'n in view,
And many a path, that leads thereto.

With thee farewell, the pow'r to charm,
And lengthen life's contracted span:
Whose notes the coldest heart should warm,
Enshrin'd within the breast of man.

Awhile my drooping strength sustain,
To bid farewell, in grateful strain.

That when the wintry blast had laid,
Low on the earth, the leaf and flow'r,
Foretold, the smiling spring should braid,
When falls the soft and vernal show'r ;
A garland wove, with art divine,
Fair summer's tresses to entwine.

A budding wreath, of beauty rare,
Surpassing blossoms fully blown ;
As joys expectant ever are
More prized than those familiar grown ;
Of earth the lovely progeny,
The children of the sunny ray.

That in the autumn's cheerless gloom,
Did call to mind the summer's sun ;
As on Ambition's distant tomb,
Its early rays, resplendent shone,
In visions of the night, that frown,
Shadows forecast or backward thrown.

With thee the Muse abroad would roam,
And perched on Afric's table land,
Survey the surges' boiling foam,
Or desert tracks of arid sand,
And wilds uncultur'd, the abode
Of beasts that heat, and hunger goad.

Then, on the southern ocean cast,
Amid the elemental war,
The Muse enrapt, beheld the blast,
And helmsman's front, devoid of fear.
The scene sublime without thy strain
In mem'ry's cell, for aye had lain.

Again, in vision seen hard by,
An eagle from the mountain's peak,
Descend, and fasten on its prey.
Chain'd down, with strugg'ling faint and weak,
Thou, to the sign didst point, and see,
A spirit bear his soul away.

Why dost thou linger thus, my lyre,
And cling so close unto the heart ;

My mistress kind, art thou aware,
From thee, remembrance ne'er will part;
Ah no ! For thou hast taught to find
That peace is centred in the mind.

Farewell, belov'd, thy chords unbent,
As when the heart has lost its tone ;
From grief within the bosom pent,
No longer make its sorrows known ;
Henceforth with mine I'll learn to bear,
Nor call on thee their weight to share.

What ! if the bitter cup is drain'd ?
The mingled potion cannot kill ;
The spirit by the pow'rs ordain'd,
To do the great Eternal's will.
Life still may creep, with tortuous throe,
Along the rugged path of wo,
Though wounded by th' assassin's blow.

Hark ! a new star its light has shown,
The harbinger of brighter day ;
Whose influence all with rapture own,
Confess'd aloud, in bursts of joy :

An omen glad, auspicious sign !
Prophetic of a glorious reign.

The throne of innocence, its weight,
Upheld by providential care,
Should man inspire to emulate,
And shield the blessing seated there :
The flame of liberty all feel,
Congenial to the common weal.

In by-gone days, a Queen of fame,
In action bold, in council sage ;
May time so consecrate thy name,
Depicted on th' historic page,
Then songs of triumph ne'er shall cease,
From freedom's sons, in war or peace.

May spirits that from heaven are sent,
Around thy presence watchful wait ;
For ever on their care intent,
In converse free, or high debate,
A whisper, more to breathe shall dare,
That purity should blush to hear.

And more, the ministers of grace,
Shall softly press thine eyelids close :
Resembling thee in form and face,
When scenes of bliss, thy dreams compose ;
As on the morn, thy sparkling eyes,
First saw a sceptred queen arise,
With look serene, assur'd and mild,
Of love and Truth, an only child.

THE END.

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